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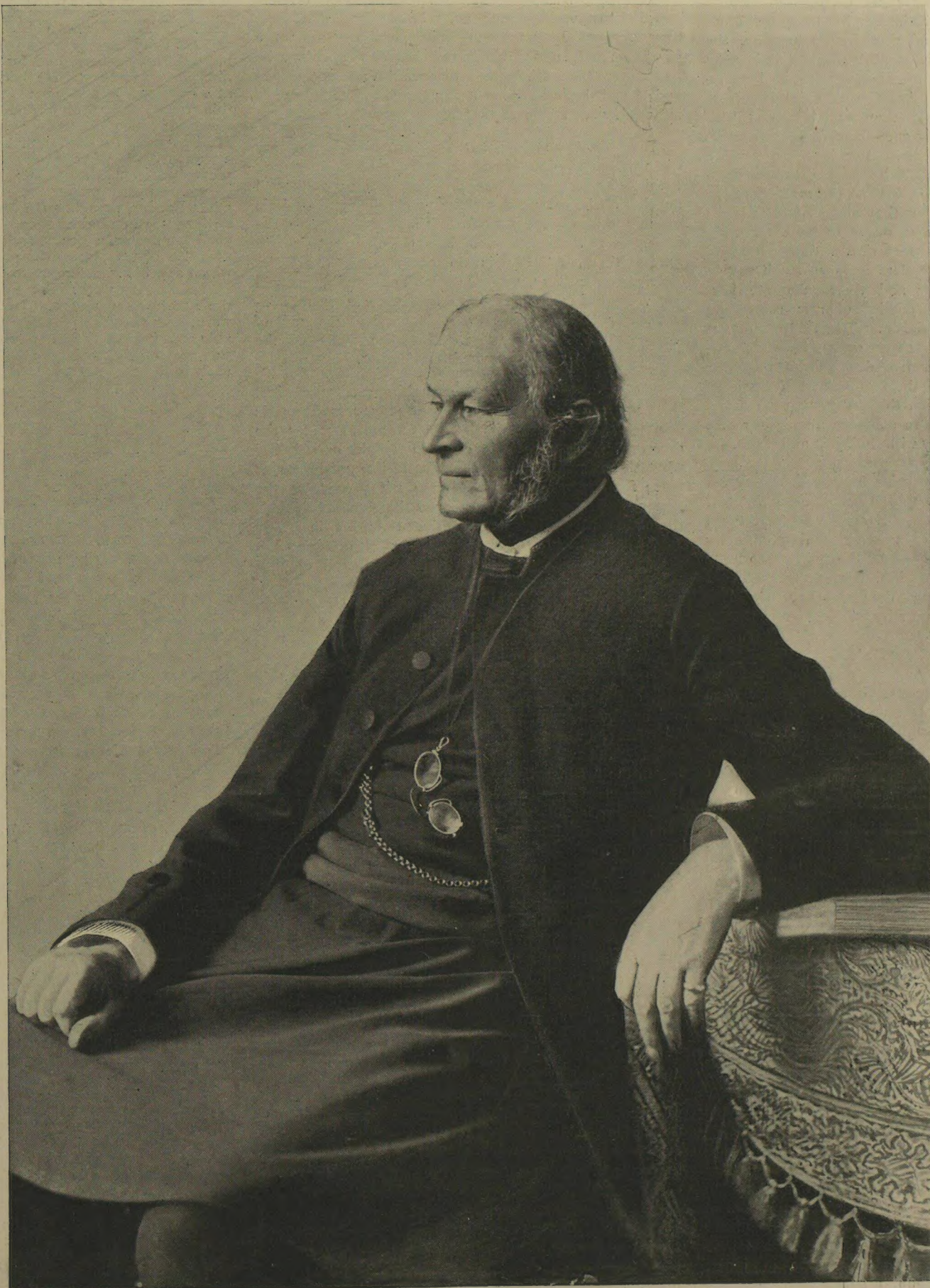
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3336. — VOL. CXXII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1903

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THE VERY REVEREND FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR, DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

BORN, AUGUST 7, 1831; DIED, MARCH 22, 1903.

Photograph by Russell.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The cost of the Navy furrows the taxpayer's brow and makes our economists dream of the happy time when no Power will increase its armaments without consulting the wishes of its neighbours. Diplomatic negotiation, it is suggested, will put an end to the competition in naval shipbuilding. We shall say to Russia or Germany, "Let us agree to build no more ships, except those which are necessary to replace worn-out ironclads." It is a beautiful idea; but it rests on the rather hasty assumption that Russia and Germany will acquiesce in our naval supremacy. People who are fond of saying that it is nothing but our aggressive attitude which keeps up the "mad race" of armaments forget that we do no more than maintain our command of the sea. Without that we can have no security, and it is precisely our naval security that other Powers resent. If anybody thinks that diplomatic negotiation can alter this frame of mind, he is too sanguine for this rough world. His proper place is in romantic fiction.

The romantic politician tells you that the wicked policy of Imperialism causes all the mischief and expense. If we would only be friendly to foreign nations and call the British Empire by some other name—some inoffensive and soothing name, say, the Humane Association of Sister States—the world would be enchanted with our high moral aims, and the income-tax might be abolished. Are the Colonial Sisters of that opinion? What would they say if the British Navy were no longer strong enough to strike a decisive blow in any part of the seas? For in a great naval war the fate of Australia would be decided thousands of miles from her shores. Once we lost the mastery of the ocean, it would be useless for that Sister State to plead with the victor that she belonged, not to an Empire, but to a Humane Association. Imperialism does not mean needless armaments and restless aggression: it means our community of interests and their adequate protection. The scope and quality of armaments are subjects for legitimate criticism. The relation of the Army to the Navy in the scheme of national defence is a cardinal point still unsettled. But it must be settled by prudent calculations of actual necessities, and not by some hazy notion that money can be saved solely by a missionary zeal to convince all nations that our interests are in harmony with their just ambitions.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* for April, along with much excellent matter, I find a weird story by Mr. Charles Marriott about a gentleman who discourses to a friend at midnight on the threatening enormity of London. There is a picture of the pair, humorously represented by the artist as if they were Disraeli and Rudyard Kipling debating the propriety of more whisky-and-soda. The enormity of London is that it is an actual monster endowed with life. The "Tube" is one of its alimentary canals, and the telegraph-wires make its nervous system; and either Dizzy or Mr. Kipling is convinced that one of these days it will eat us all up. I do not know whether this will scare people from travelling in the "Tube," but it has set me thinking of other monsters. What about Mr. Carnegie's free libraries? The lady on the desert island in Mr. Barrie's play says she is afraid to go to sleep lest vampire bats should suck the blood from her toes. Suppose Mr. Carnegie's libraries should be subtle and hypnotic creatures that lull us into an acquiescent doze in order to soften the brain of the public! Mr. Sidney Colvin, at any rate, is alive to the danger. The insidious millionaire has offered a free library to Stratford-on-Avon, and Mr. Colvin says that if it should be erected, as at present designed, twenty-five yards from Shakspeare's Birthplace, it will overawe, eclipse, and obliterate that national possession!

An alarming portent truly! Twenty-five yards from Shakspeare is to arise this monument of Carnegie. People who use free libraries have never shown any zest for the Bard. They cannot read him any more than Mr. Carnegie can read Homer. With the simplicity of a millionaire who has no reason to disguise his opinions, Mr. Carnegie has told us that he tried Homer, but was so offended by the unpatriotic behaviour of Achilles that he tossed the book aside. What does he think of Coriolanus, who led the Volscian army to the gates of Rome? Does he think the table-talk of Falstaff a suitable education for budding millionaires? As a lover of freedom, who wants to see a Hindu George Washington overturn British rule in India, how does he relish the "militarism" of Henry V.? Perhaps Mr. Colvin has been pondering these questions, and their baleful influence on the Birthplace. But, as a man of peace and compromise, he proposes that the free library shall be quartered in the Memorial Theatre, where the literature that delights Mr. Carnegie may be consumed without prompting the spirit of Shakspeare to ask why he was ever born. It is true that the associations of the Memorial Theatre are Shaksperian or nothing; but the man who sits there and reads a tenth-rate novel is less disrespectful to Shakspeare

than if he were sitting only twenty-five yards from the consecrated spot where the poet first opened his eyes upon the world.

This reminds me that "The Birthplace" is the title of one of the most ingenious stories in the delightful collection which Mr. Henry James calls "The Better Sort." A man and his wife are appointed custodians of the Birthplace; they saturate their minds with the poet's works—the poet, by the way, is discreetly left without designation—and they enter upon their duties in a fervent spirit of reverence. The wife keeps the spirit up, and is quite ready to fall in with the speculation of American pilgrims as to the precise spot on the floor where the Birth occurred. The suggestion that the infant Bard used to toddle to the inglenook, and from the glowing embers catch his first inkling of the fancies he was to make immortal, does not strike her as at all amiss. But her husband has an uneasy conscience. Intimate connection with the Birthplace excites doubts in his mind. He is a show-man who is ceasing to believe in the show. After all, is it certain that the man who was indubitably born thereabouts did write the works associated with his name? Ought a sensitive custodian to embroider the legend to suit the American pilgrim, or to make guarded reservations such as, "Born here? Oh! yes, they say so"? But having put perplexity into the pilgrim's mind, and endangered his own position, he has a revulsion of feeling, discovers that conscience and the Birthplace are inseparable, and paints the poet's infancy in such colours that his stipend is doubled.

Does Mr. Colvin fear that Mr. Carnegie's free library will throw a shadow of scepticism over the Birthplace? I think he may trust the pilgrims. Their faith will not be shaken by the proximity of the millionaire's exchange of trumpery books. They will perceive the incongruity that distresses Mr. Colvin; but it will amuse them. There is no competition, dear Mr. Colvin. A century, two centuries hence, pilgrims will not visit that free library. In that time many millionaires will have come and gone, and the name of Carnegie will be forgotten. But the pride of the Birthplace will have moulted no feather.

I am glad to see the drama making a stand against the tyranny of clothes. For many playgoers dramatic criticism has resolved itself into an account of "the dresses." Not what the characters said or did, but what the women wore, is the point of interest in a new piece for eager readers who were not present at the first performance. I have enjoyed the thought of their discontent when they learned that the girls in "The Admirable Crichton" wore nothing in one act but the garments they were shipwrecked in, and nothing in the next act but the skins of wild animals; and that in the last act they resumed the civilised skirt with manifest discomposure. There was only one skirt, much patched, on the desert island, and it was worn by the cook. In "Old Heidelberg," at the St. James's, the heroine is an innkeeper's niece with one plain white frock for festive occasions, and in her best scene she wears an apron. Not much scope for the eloquent pens that describe "the dresses"! Mr. Alexander is a Prince; but as the shy, suppressed boy in the first act, he wears a shabby tail-coat unknown to fashion even when it was new; as a student at Heidelberg he has no wardrobe to boast of; and even when he is a Most Serene Highness his costume is a plain uniform. Clothes certainly do not make "Old Heidelberg" the charming play it is.

There will never be any lack of splendid raiment on the stage. I see that an able and ambitious young actor, who proposes to go into management, says that his theatre will be devoted to "costume plays." Contemporary drama is too sordid for him, and he will seek romance in breeches. He played the part of a black-guard in modern dress, and his soul abhors the memory. But even in breeches conduct is not always irreproachable. An eighteenth-century English Duke is still figuring on the boards as a cardsharp and an assassin. But he is an absurd puppet of animated straw, whereas the blackguard aforesaid was a man. A delectable exhibition of stage wickedness is presented by the clever lady who wears sumptuous costumes in the melodrama with the richly significant title of "The Worst Woman in London." To crown her iniquities, she dons a man's evening clothes. They reminded me of Mr. Edward Terry's account of similar garments in "Sweet Lavender." The coat, he said, was not so old, but the trousers had "attended funerals for years." "Pants rather wrinkled," was the comment of an observer in the Adelphi pit when the "Worst Woman" disclosed them to our embarrassed view. But age had not made those wrinkles. Not content with setting fire to a house to burn an innocent lady, not content to shoot at her with a revolver and hurl plates while waiting for the flames, this queen of feminine enormity seized her victim and rolled with her on the floor. As murderous gymnastics, such a feat is impressive; but it wrinkles trousers till they look like hardened criminals!

THE LATE DEAN FARRAR.

Dean Farrar died at the Deanery, Canterbury, at seven o'clock on the evening of March 22. For some time his health had been failing, and at the funeral of Archbishop Temple his weakness was painfully manifest. His interest in the work of the Cathedral, however, he maintained to the last. In Dean Farrar, the Church has lost one of her most striking personalities, and, although the controversy which raged about his name some quarter of a century ago is now almost forgotten, time was when Frederic Farrar stood in the forefront of theological thought and his writings were eagerly read and keenly discussed by that great section of the public which, if it cannot be called critical, is at least intelligent. Even Presbyterian Scotland was moved by the writings of this eminent Anglican, and when he published his views on Eternal Punishment, the question "Is Farrar sound?" was warmly debated in many households.

Frederic William Farrar was born at Sidcup, in Kent, on Aug. 7, 1831. His father was vicar of the parish, an excellent scholar and an excellent man, who personally superintended his son's early education. King William's College in the Isle of Man, and King's College, London, led to the University of London, and thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where Farrar's record includes a scholarship, a First Class in the Classical Tripos, and a Fellowship. He also gained several University prizes. On obtaining his Fellowship he took holy orders, and for sixteen years he devoted himself to teaching. He became an Assistant Master at Marlborough and then at Harrow, and during all this time his writings and publications were extensive. In 1871 he was appointed Head Master of Marlborough College, and five years later accepted a canonry in Westminster Abbey, together with the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster. There his eloquence in the pulpit won him a popularity such as no other London preacher enjoyed. He held these offices until 1883, when he resigned them to become Archdeacon of Westminster, a position which he held in conjunction with that of Chaplain to the Speaker till 1895, the year which saw his transference to the Deanery of Canterbury. Of his literary work, his "Life of Christ" must remain the greatest monument. It was essentially a popular work, and, though somewhat grandiose in parts, is valuable as a contribution to sacred history. The late Dean was an ardent social reformer. He also worked strenuously in the cause of temperance.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OLD HEIDELBERG," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Many as are the technical faults of Herr Meyer-Förster's romance of the young German Prince and the innkeeper's daughter who loved and parted and met again to part for ever, they are almost immaterial in view of one overpowering charm which the play possesses, the charm of youth and youth's high spirits. Those riotous students of "Old Heidelberg," chivalrous worshippers of their humble tavern queen as well as devotees of song and fun and (harmless) beer, are such kindly, genial creatures that it is not only Prince Karl, frozen as he has been by State formality, whose blood they warm: their influence passes over the footlights and makes each jaded playgoer laugh and grow young again. Nor are the students the only stimulating figures of the comedy; there is the sprightly Käthle, so deliciously piquant in her rallying of the shy boy-Prince; there is his Serene Highness himself, once thawed, the leader of every revel; and there is the biggest baby of all, the Prince's elderly but delightful tutor. What matters, then, the play's excess of "atmosphere" over story, when the novel details are the things that please! What matters it if in the "Zenda"-like scene of farewell the Prince and his tender but sensible "mädchen" indulge in ultra-Teutonic sentiment! It is the joy of youth that is the essence of the German playwright's pretty fairy-tale. Happily, at the St. James's Theatre, for which Herr Bleichmann has furnished a rather bald English version, the actors express that joy with just the right buoyancy and ardour. Better and brighter acting than that of our stage's most accomplished sentimentalist, Mr. Alexander, as Prince Karl, or of that appealing and captivating comédienne, Miss Eva Moore, as Käthle, or, above all, of the hearty veteran, Mr. Beveridge, as the tutor, has not been seen at the St. James's for many a day. And as the minor rôles are also well filled and the piece is lavishly mounted, "Old Heidelberg" ought to prove one of the greatest successes of Mr. Alexander's management.

"THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP," AT THE CRITERION.

In her new Criterion play, "The Altar of Friendship," Mrs. Ryley has been less happily inspired than usual. A stage-author whose work is ordinarily marked by freshness and humanity has lapsed into commonplace and tawdry melodramatics. To some extent, perhaps, we have the mixture as before—Mrs. Ryley's pleasant mixture of humour and sentiment. There is quaintness in the situation of her sprightly American girl temporarily engaged, just to meet an emergency, to the man with whom she is obviously predestined to fall in love; there is real pathos in the spectacle of a young wife disillusioned at the very outset of her married life. But it is an older mixture than her own special blend to which Mrs. Ryley has resorted; she has borrowed three stock types from transpontine melodrama—the wronged maiden, her cowardly betrayer, and her avenging father. Hence a taint of sensationalism about the story, a taint not lessened when

the chivalrous hero is shown falsely accused, and takes on his shoulders the sin of the betrayer because the latter is marrying his sister. Hence a flimsy structure of stupid misunderstandings which is only supported by a long series of equivokes, and would be broken down by the one moment of plain speaking that is persistently postponed. The touch of falseness even extends to Mrs. Ryley's comic relief, which seems merely lugged in to eke out her play's thin action. Fortunately for the author, her interpreters do much to give reality to her tale. Especially Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who endows the young bride with touching sincerity; Mr. Paul Arthur, who lends the hero all his own agreeable *bonhomie*; and Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who is the most vivacious of fair Americans; while the broad style of Mr. Mackintosh finds scope in the rhetoric of the irate father, and Mr. H. B. Warner and Miss Janet Alexander strive hard to relieve the parts of Arnold and his victim from lachrymose monotony.

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON"—SIX HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE.

That bright little musical play, "A Chinese Honeymoon," which lately celebrated its six hundredth performance at the Strand Theatre, seems to grow brighter every evening by reason of constant changes and additions. Fortunately, save that Miss Hilda Trevelyan is now a substitute, and a capital substitute, for Miss Louie Freear, the cast of the piece has remained unaltered during the last hundred nights. Those clever mimics, Miss Marie Dainton and Mr. Farren Soutar, together with pretty Miss Mabel Nelson and the two nicely contrasted comedians, Mr. Picton Roxborough and Mr. Arthur Williams, still delight every Strand visitor.

EMPIRE, ALHAMBRA, TIVOLI, AND OLYMPIA.

Some of the more prominent "variety" theatres have contrived simultaneously this week to increase the attractiveness of their already attractive programmes. At the Empire, where the divertissement of "The Milliner Duchess" continues popular, thanks to Miss Adeline Genée's perfect dancing, the Martinetti troupe have been engaged to appear in a new version of the pantomime ballet "A Duel in the Snow." To the original amusing sketch, in which Mr. Paul Martinetti's miming still remains inimitable, has been added a brilliant "bal masqué" scene, containing groups of costumes of the most gorgeous colouring, as well as dances (Miss Genée's especially) of extreme daintiness. The Alhambra, again, which has two excellent ballets in "The Devil's Forge" and "Britannia's Realm," supplies new "turns" in the trapeze performance of Miss Etta, in the juggling tricks of Selbo, and in the fiery singing and vigorous dancing of the Russian Wolkowsky Troupe. Meantime, at the Tivoli, which offers its usual complement of good entertainment, "the mysterious mechanical doll," Phroso, so long a puzzle with audiences, has at last declared himself to be mere man, speaking gaily the other night and walking off the stage briskly after displaying all the rigidity of a machine-worked toy. Further west, "Buffalo Bill's" show has entered upon the last eight days of its farewell London season, and all those who have not seen or would see again a really wonderful exhibition of horsemanship should make their way at once to Olympia.

PARLIAMENT.

Lord Rosebery opened a debate in the Lords on the Committee of National Defence, calling for an "adjustment of the national armaments." There was no rational co-operation, he said, between the Army and the Navy. Mr. Brodrick's scheme ignored the Navy, and at the Colonial Conference the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty had spoken at cross purposes. Lord Rosebery took occasion to defend his proposal to make Lord Kitchener head of the War Office. Lord Kitchener would not be a party man by this arrangement, for he would attend meetings of the Cabinet only in connection with his department, and might remain a member of more than one Ministry. It was necessary that our offensive and defensive forces should have the highest efficiency, but we could not maintain an Army at all comparable in magnitude to the Navy. It was chiefly upon the Navy that money should be spent, and Lord Rosebery saw no prospect of any decrease of expenditure. As for the Army, we must cut our coat according to our cloth; but it ought to be understood that behind the Regular forces was a reserve that included the whole nation, and therefore every effort should be made to stimulate popular interest in the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers.

Lord Goschen agreed with a good deal of Lord Rosebery's speech; but objected to the proposal about Lord Kitchener. This was also criticised by Lord Selborne, who denied that he and Mr. Brodrick were at variance. He did not think expenditure could be reduced, but he believed the Committee of National Defence would check the rate of increase.

In the Commons, Mr. Chamberlain made several statements as to the progress of affairs in South Africa. He said the repatriation of the Boers was a great success, warmly eulogised Lord Milner, and denied that there was any scheme of forced native labour. The native who wanted more than one wife to labour for him had to pay two pounds a head for each extra lady. To say that such taxation forced the native into slavery was ridiculous. Experiments would be made in the recruiting of native labour.

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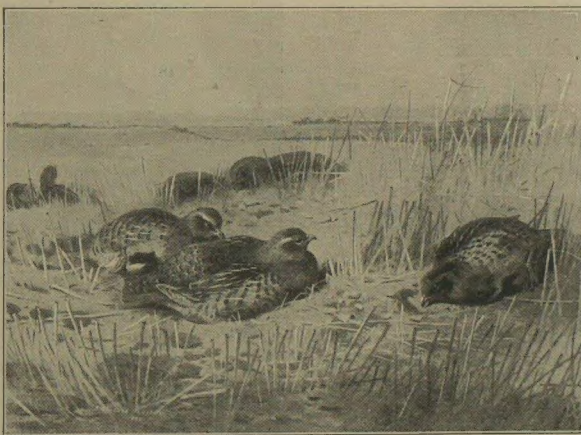
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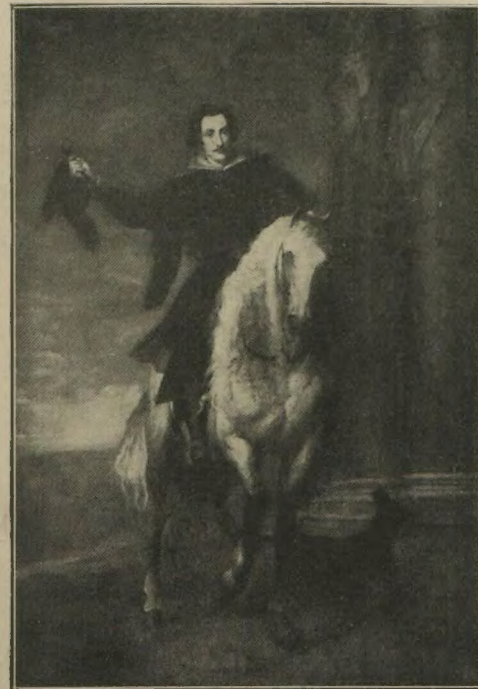
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THE VIRGIN IN ADORATION.—GUIDO RENI.

MASTERPIECES IN THE ROSSO PALACE, GENOA, RUINED BY A PICTURE-CLEANER.



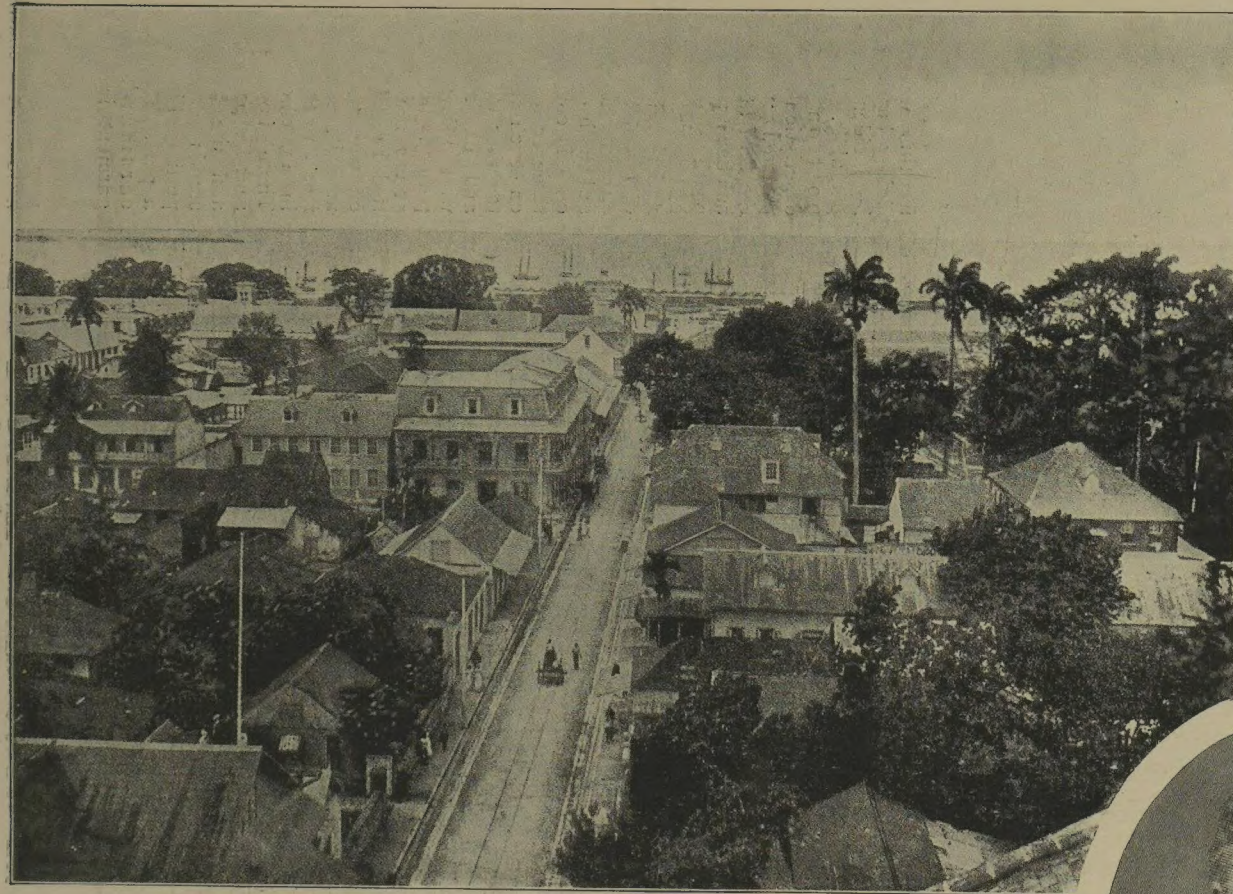
THE DISPUTED TIARA OF THE SCYTHIAN KING, SAITAPHARNES.

THROUGH the unskillful handling of a picture-restorer, the world has lost several magnificent masterpieces of art, the property of the Rosso Palace at Genoa. Two examples of Van Dyck, one of Paris Bordone, two of Guido Reni, one Carlo Maratta, one Valerio Castelli, and several other famous pictures have been completely destroyed. The cleaner, it is said, used an alkaline solution which has utterly ruined the works.

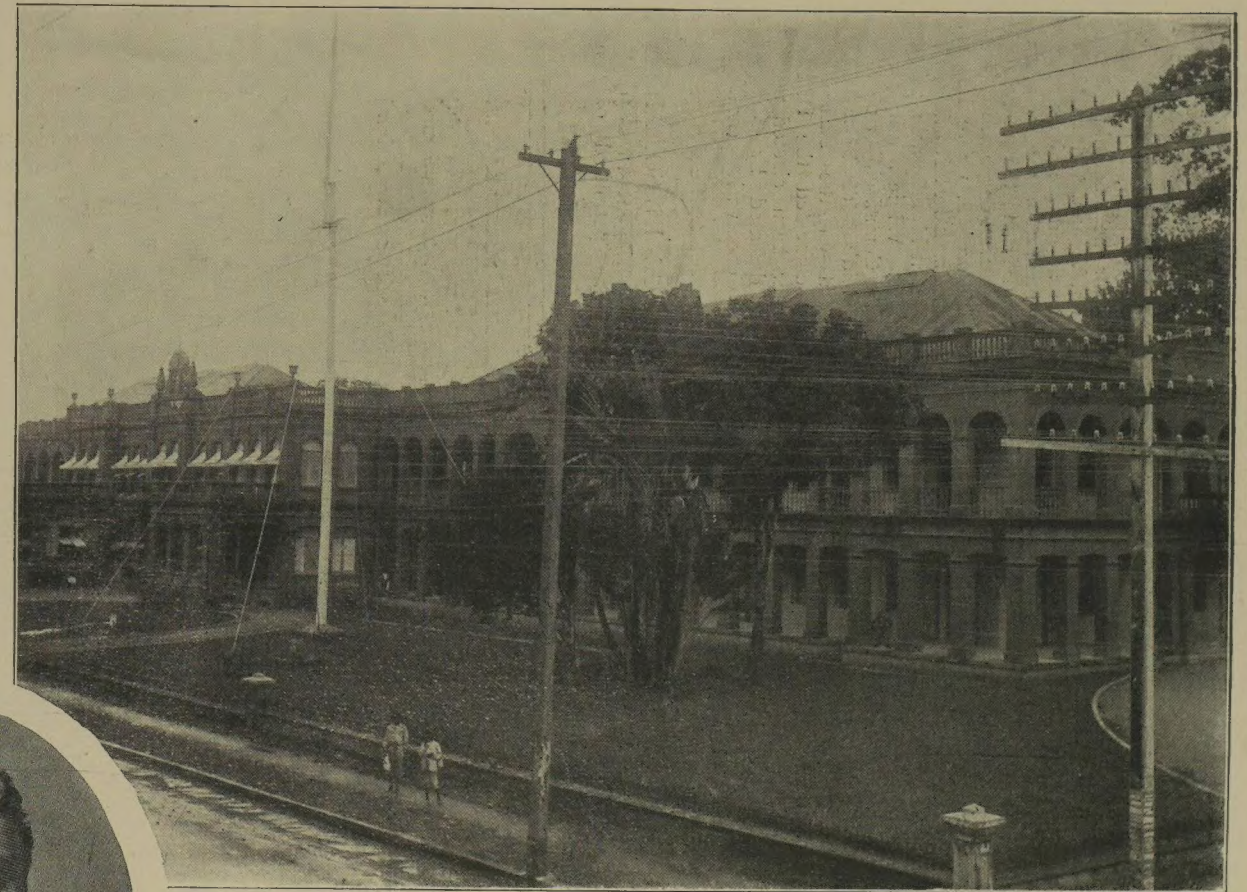
The past week has been one of disturbance in the world of art, for it has been suggested that many of the treasures at the Louvre are spurious. Among the most noteworthy of the dubious specimens is the tiara of the Scythian King, Saitapharnes. M. Mayence Elina declares that it was wrought by a modern goldsmith named Baron, now deceased, for a M. Spitzer, who is also dead. M. Elina says that he is acquainted with the private marks of the maker, and he offers to point these out as existing on the tiara, which was offered to the British Museum in presence of M. Favre, director of the Geneva Museum, but was refused as its authenticity was considered doubtful.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DUBIOUS TIARA OF THE SCYTHIAN KING.

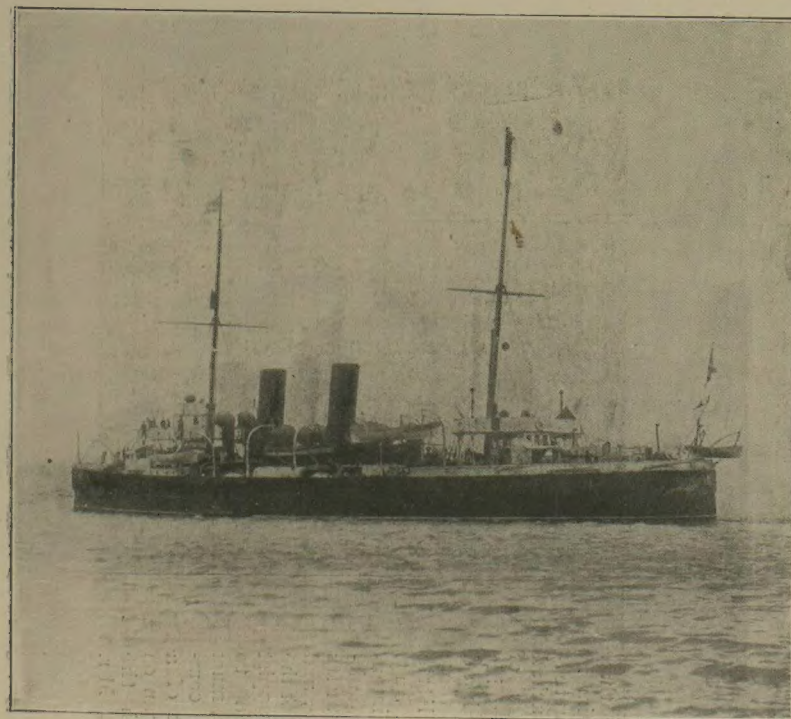


THE SCENE OF THE RIOTS: PORT OF SPAIN, THE CAPITAL OF TRINIDAD.



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS BURNED BY THE RIOTERS.

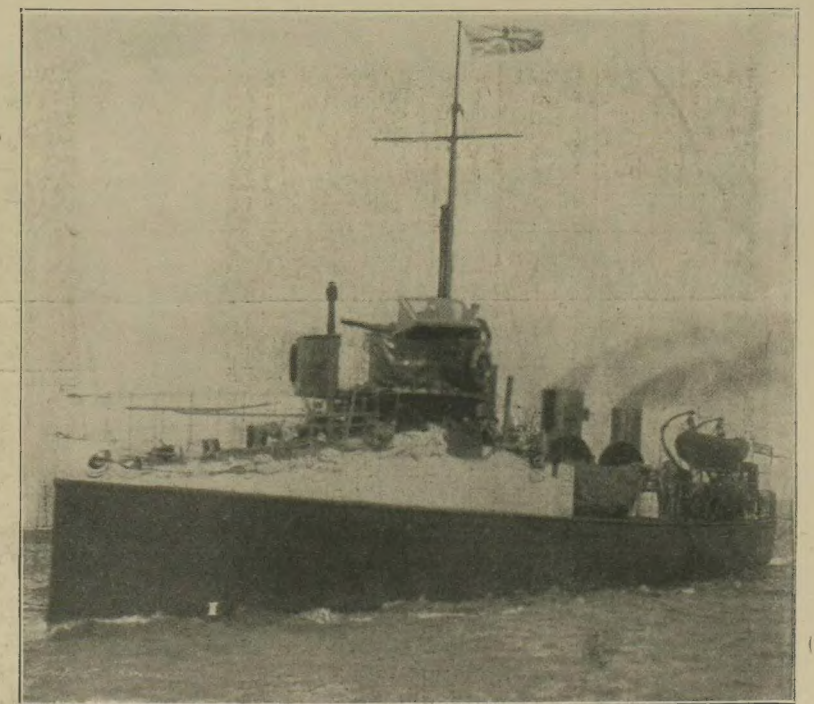
THE
GOVERNOR
OF
TRINIDAD,
SIR C. A.
MOLONEY.



H.M.S. "PALLAS," FROM WHICH BLUEJACKETS WERE LANDED



THE OLD WATERWORKS: THE MARAVAL RESERVOIR.



H.M.S. "ROCKET," WHICH HELPED TO RESTORE ORDER.

A serious riot broke out in Port of Spain, Trinidad. The disturbance began outside Government House, where a crowd had collected and demanded admission to the Council Chamber to protest against the passing of a Water Bill which is obnoxious to the popular taste. The Government refused admission except to ticket-holders. One man threw a stone at the building, and his example was followed by hundreds of others. The rioters then set fire to the Government buildings, and the members of the Council made their escape, but not until the police had fired on the crowd to clear a way. The Governor sought refuge on board H.M.S. "Pallas," the commander of which landed a force of two hundred bluejackets and machine guns to help to restore order. Fourteen of the mob were killed. (Our photograph of the Governor is by Elliott and Fry; those of the ships by Stephen Cribb.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE CITY.

Had Mr. Chamberlain not already been a Freeman of the City of London by virtue of his membership of the Cordwainers' Company, it is more than likely that the City would have honoured him on his return from his South African Mission with the full rights of a burgess. As it was, the conclusion of so important a mission could not remain unmarked by the authorities of the Mansion House and Guildhall, and accordingly Mr. Chamberlain was bidden to a civic reception and banquet on March 20. To meet him were invited the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and the other members of the Cabinet, and the distinguished company was received in the Guildhall Library by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Heralded by a blare of trumpets, the Lord Mayor marshalled the Colonial Secretary to the Guildhall, where a dais had been erected for the presentation of the address. As soon as all the participants in the ceremony had taken their places, the Lord Mayor, with due observance of the ancient forms, presented the civic address, in terms of which Mr. Chamberlain was welcomed back from his long and arduous

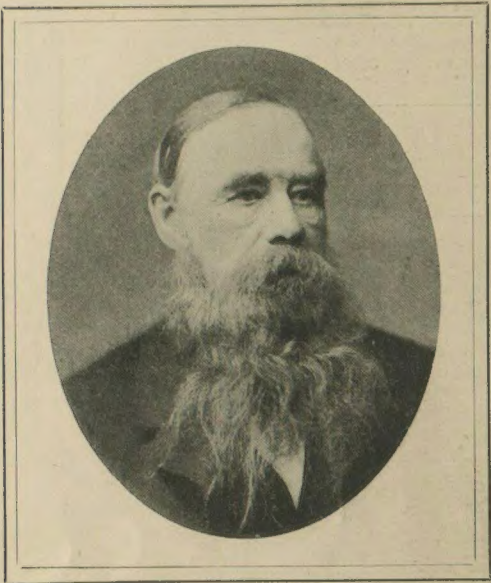
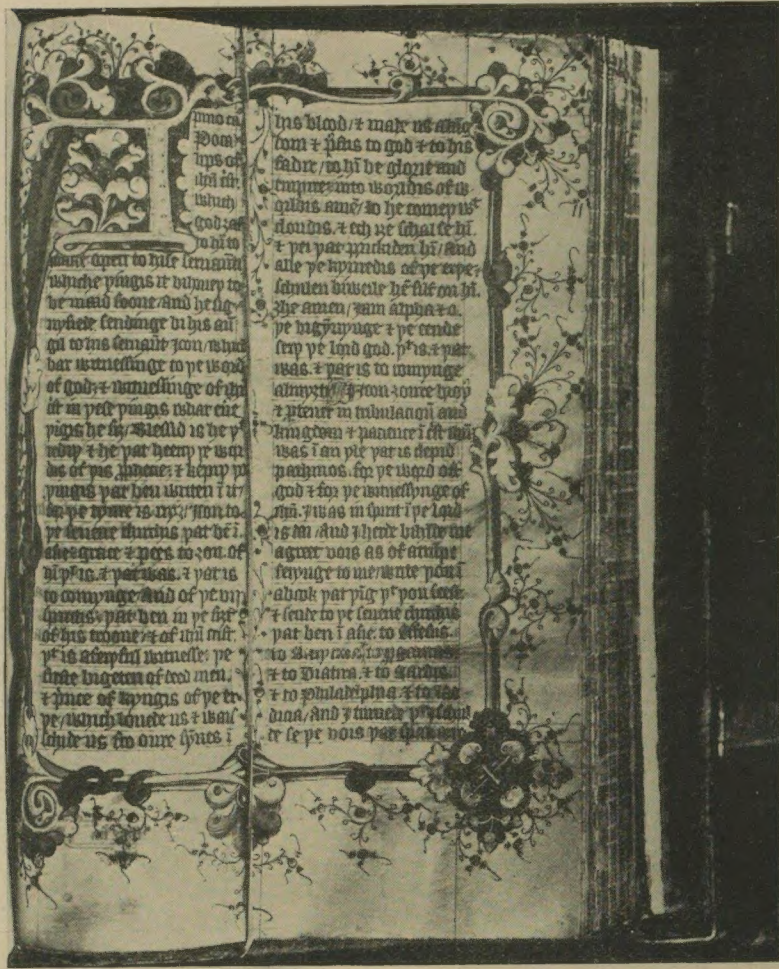


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES GODFREY LELAND,
"HANS BREITMANN."

journey through the King's dominions. The address concluded with the wish that Mr. Chamberlain might be spared to render conspicuous service to his Majesty and his world-wide Empire. Mr. Chamberlain, in a lengthy reply, expressed his confidence in the future, asserting that our old opponents would loyally co-operate with the Government in restoring prosperity; and that, in the memorable words of his friend General Delarey, they would be as loyal to their new Government as they had been to the old. He concluded by asserting his absolute assurance in the hope of a united South Africa and a united Empire. At the Mansion House luncheon which followed, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's health was proposed by the Lord Mayor, and the Colonial Secretary replied in a lighter vein than is usual with him in his public utterances. He touched on the fatigues of oratory during his tour. He had arranged that there should be little speaking, but, though his intentions were admirable, the results were deplorable, and he declared that the lot of a Trappist monk, vowed to eternal silence, must be enviable compared to that of a British statesman on tour through the Colonies. Mr. Balfour proposed the health of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and a brief reply from his Lordship brought the proceedings to a close.

THE SALE OF A WYCLIFFE'S ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT WITH CALENDAR:
A PAGE OF THE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT.

The manuscript, which was sold at Sotheby's a few days ago, is finely written on thin vellum in English black-letter, and contains 341 pages, of which twenty-seven have illuminated borders of flower decorations. There are also numerous ornamental pen letters. Each page measures 6½ in. by 4½ in. Mr. Quaritch purchased it for £580.

OUR PORTRAITS.

THE LATE "HANS BREITMANN."

Charles Godfrey Leland, best known to English readers as the author of the extraordinarily popular "Hans Breitmann Ballads," died at Florence on March 20. Born at Philadelphia, Pa., seventy-nine years ago, Mr. Leland graduated at Princeton College in 1846, and studied at the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich, and in Paris. At the age of twenty-seven he was called to the Bar, but after practising for a while in his native city he abandoned the law for literature, and successfully contributed to a number of periodicals. The first of the Breitmann ballads, upon which his fame undeniably rests, was published in 1856, and made his reputation world-wide. Like Borrow, he was an enthusiastic student of folklore and philology, and, like Borrow, was keenly interested in the Romany and Romany ways. A number of his works reflect his tastes; and he was one of the original founders of the Folk-Lore Congress at Paris in 1889. At his instance, also, the folk-lore societies of Hungary and Italy were established. Among his works are translations of Heine. Mr. Leland fought in the barricades of Paris in 1848, and, as a private in Chapman Biddle's company of artillery during



Photo. J. Holsby.

"THE MOAT HOUSE MYSTERY": THE HOUSE, THE MOAT, AND THE outhouse.

The Moat House, which figures so prominently in the case popularly known as the "Moat House Mystery," is in the parish of Clavering, Essex, and stands near the village of Wicken.

the American Civil War, was present at the battle of Gettysburg.

THE NEW MEMBER FOR RYE.

Dr. Charles Frederick Hutchinson, of Knowle, Mayfield, who gained a Liberal victory by his successful contest of the Rye Division of Sussex, is the son of Mr. R. S. Hutchinson, M.D., of Nottingham, and was born in 1850. Educated for the medical profession at Edinburgh, Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, he took the M.B. degree at Edinburgh in 1872, and was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, in the following year, proceeding to his M.D. degree in 1874. He practised at Scarborough, where he became medical officer of the Royal North Sea Bathing Infirmary, and at Monte Carlo, but retired before he was fifty. While residing at Scarborough, he was a Commissioner of the Peace for the North Riding of Yorkshire, and, later, was placed on the Sussex Bench. Dr. Hutchinson contested the Division for which he has now been elected member in 1900, but was defeated by Mr. A. M. Brookfield, the Conservative candidate, by 2489 votes.

THE ADVANCE IN SOMALILAND.

An increasingly stringent Press censorship in Somaliland has permitted only a few

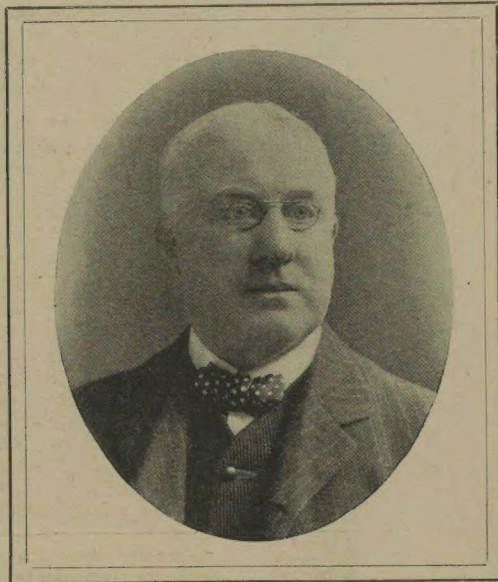


Photo. F. H. Blomfield and Co.

DR. C. F. HUTCHINSON,
NEW M.P. FOR RYE.

meagre details of the advance to be communicated. It is known, however, that the main column which set out from Obbia has reached Galkayu, and is now probably on its way to Geladi, where the Mullah is believed to be posted. For the rest of the operations, General Manning will receive his stores from Bohotle. Damot, the advance post of the northern column, has proved very unhealthy for British troops, and the garrison will have to be frequently changed. The place, however, must be maintained at all hazards. Mr.

Melton Prior sends us this week subsidiary but interesting incidents of campaigning. The chief portion of his description of his picture, "Fighting the Surf at Obbia," has been printed beneath the engraving, but our Special Artist adds some curious details of the structure of the Mas-sulah boat. The craft is composed of three or four planks on each side, sewn together with string and caulked inside with straw. It is perfectly hollow, and across the boat are tied irregular poles, on which the oarsmen sit, resting their feet on another pole in front of them. There is a rough seat for passengers, and the steersman stands erect, supporting himself by a pole. The native oarsman's only garment is a loin-cloth, and should the boat upset they would all swim ashore, if the sharks would allow them. The oars are very big, and have only tiny blades.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHILDREN: ELDEST AND YOUNGEST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH, DERSINGHAM.

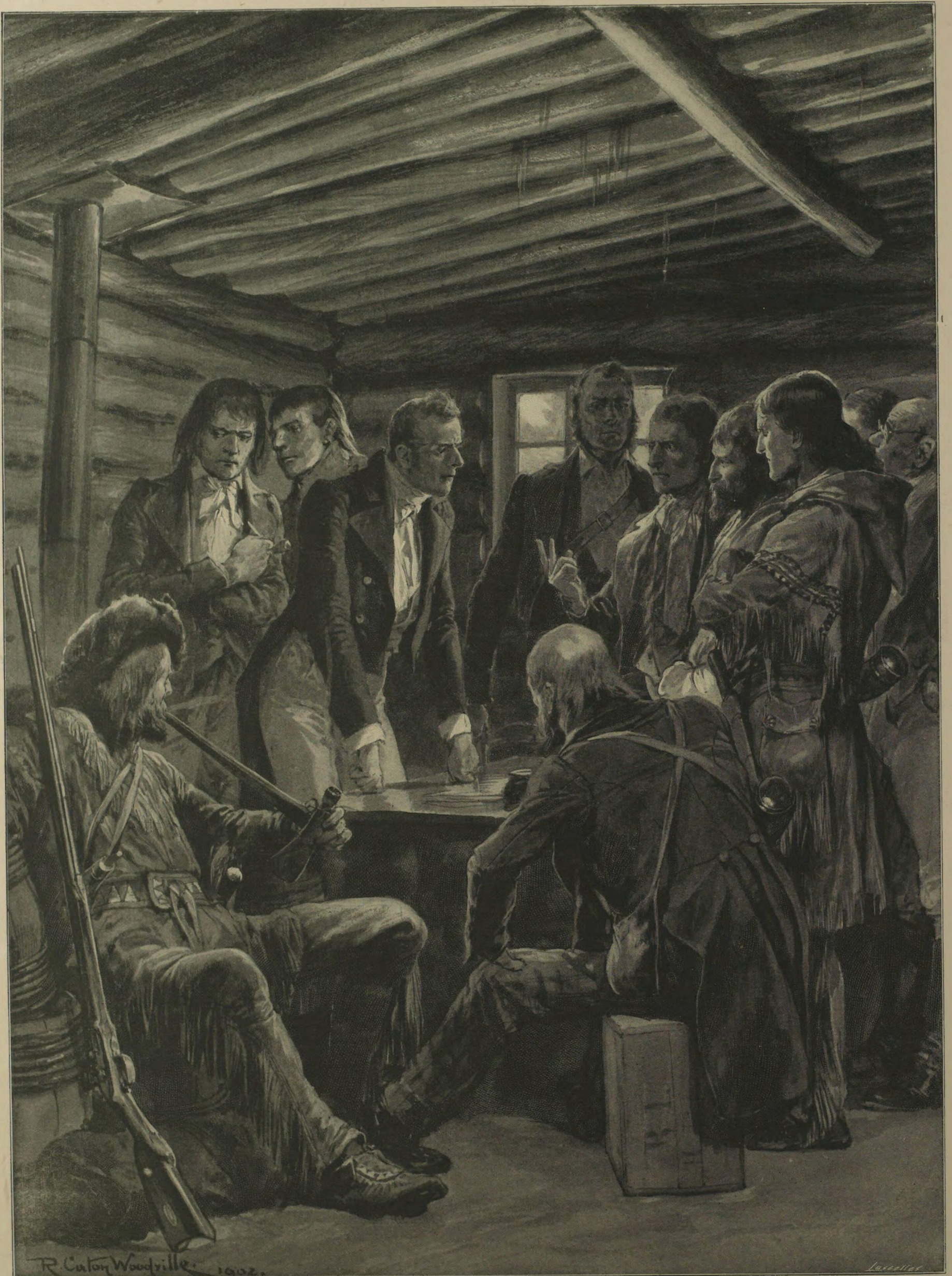


PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES AND HIS BABY BROTHER, PRINCE GEORGE.

The infant Prince was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on December 20, 1902. He was christened at Windsor on January 25, and received the names of George Edward Alexander Edmund.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XIV.: BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



SIR GEORGE SIMPSON ESTABLISHING HIS FIRST COUNCIL OF SETTLERS AND HALF-BREEDS NEAR VANCOUVER IN 1835.

Sir George Simpson, a native of Ross, began life in a merchant's office in London. In 1820 he emigrated, and entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, to the interests of which he devoted his whole energy. In 1821 the Hudson Bay Company was amalgamated with the North-West Company, and Simpson was made Governor of the Northern Department, known as Rupert's Land. He had the entire management of the Hudson Bay Company in Canada, and by his remarkable tact reconciled conflicting interests and established a firm control. The rise of British Columbia was contemporary with his administration. He is justly considered one of the architects of the present Canadian Dominion.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XV.: OUR ACQUISITION OF GIBRALTAR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE MARQUIS DE SALINES AND SPANISH TROOPS MARCHING OUT WITH DRUMS BEATING AND COLOURS FLYING.

During the War of the Spanish Succession, Gibraltar, then generally regarded as impregnable, was taken by a combined English and Dutch fleet, commanded by Sir George Rooke, and assisted by the troops under Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt. The sovereignty of Charles, Archduke of Austria (afterwards Charles III.), was proclaimed on July 21, 1704; but this did not prevent Sir George Rooke from raising the English flag and claiming the town in the name of Queen Anne.



A NEW ELECTRIC BUOY, LIGHTED BY THE ACTION OF THE WAVES, ON THE GERMAN COAST.

In this buoy the action of the waves is utilised to produce the current by which the light is maintained; and the bells are also rung by the rocking of the buoy, so that even in fog ships may be warned of the nearness of the coast.



INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL: ENGLAND V. SCOTLAND, AT RICHMOND.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The football match between England and Scotland, played under Rugby Union Rules at Richmond on March 21, resulted in a win for the Scottish team, which scored a dropped goal and two tries to two tries. Scotland thus regained the Calcutta Cup, and secured the International Championship. Some 25,000 people, including Lord Rosebery and Lord Kinnaird, watched the game.

STEPHEN OF STEENS.

A TALE OF WILD JUSTICE.

ILLUSTRATED BY]

By "Q."

[R. CATON WOODVILLE.

I.

BESIDE a high road in the extreme West of England stands a house which you might pass many times without suspecting it of a dark history, or, indeed, of any history worth mention. Noting, as you passed, its size, its evident marks of age, and the meanness of its more modern outbuildings, you would set it down for the residence of an old yeoman family fallen on evil days. A high wall, enclosing a courtlege in front, screens all but the upper storey, with its slated roof, heavy chimneys, and narrow upper windows; and these again are half hidden by the boughs of two ragged yew-trees growing within the enclosure. Behind the house, on a rising slope, tilled fields have invaded a plantation of noble ash-trees and cut it back to a thin and ugly quadrilateral. Ill-kept as they are, and already dilapidated, the modern farm-buildings wear a friendlier look than the old mansion, and by contrast a cheerful air, as of inferiors out-at-elbows indeed, but unashamed, since no occasion for pride has ever vexed them.

Yet it may happen that your driver pulls up his horse, and with a jerk of his whip draws your attention to certain pock-marks in the courtlege wall: or perhaps dismounts and traces them out for you with the butt of his whip-handle. They are bullet-marks, he says, and there are plenty of others in the upper part of the house within, even grooves cut by bullets in the woodwork of the windows. Then follows a story which you will find some difficulty

in swallowing. That in 1734, when Walpole was keeping England at peace, an unmilitary pewterer here held at bay the Sheriff, his posse, and half a regiment of soldiers, slaying seven and wounding many; and that for eight months he defied the law and defended himself, until cannon had to be dragged over the roads from Pendennis Castle to quell him; such a tale may well seem incredible to you, unless you can picture the isolation of Cornwall in those days, when this highway was a quag through which, perhaps twice a week, a train of packhorses floundered.

II.

Four miles south of Steens, and a trifle over, lies the market-town of Helston (or "Helleston," as men wrote it in 1734, and ought to write it still), on the road to nowhere, and somnolent then as now; but then, as now, waking up once a year, on the 8th of May, to celebrate the feast of Flora and welcome back the summer.

And on the 8th of May, 1734, at the foot of Coinage Hall Street, hard by the Bowling Green in Helleston, a pewterer's shop stood open, like its neighbours, to admit the Mayor and citizens, solemnly dancing through the town in honour of the goddess. But the master of the shop and his assistant—he kept no apprentice—sat working as usual at their boards; perhaps the only two men in Helleston who

disregarded the public holiday. But everyone knew Roger Stephen to be a soured man; and what old Malachi Hancock did was of no account.

Malachi sat at his bench in the rear of the shop, turning the rim of a pewter plate; and Roger Stephen in the front, for the sake of better light, peering into the bowels of a watch which had been brought to him to be cleaned. From youth up Roger had been badly used. His father, Humphrey Stephen, owned Steens, and was a man of substance, a yeoman with money and land enough to make him an esquire whenever he chose. In those days it was the custom in Cornish families of the better class to send the eldest son to college, and thence into one of the liberal professions. Sometimes the second son would follow him to college, and proceed to Holy Orders; but oftener, he had to content himself as apprentice to an apothecary or an attorney. The third son would, like Roger Stephen, be bound to a pewterer, or watch-maker; the fourth to a mercer; and so on in a descending scale. But Roger, though the only child of a rich man, had been denied his natural ambition and thrust as a boy into the third class. His mother had died young, and from the hour of her death (which the young man set down to harsh usage) he and his father had detested each other's sight. In truth, old Humphrey Stephen was a violent tyrant, and habitually drunk after two o'clock. Roger found him merely abhorrent. During his mother's



Humphrey Stephen rode down into Helleston in a towering rage.

lifetime, and because she could not do without him, he had slept at Steens and walked to and from his shop in Helleston: but on the day after the funeral he packed and left home, taking with him old Malachi, a family retainer whom Humphrey had long ago lamed for life by flinging a crowbar at him in a fit of passion.

So for twelve years he had lodged and taught Malachi his trade in the dirty low-browed shop over which a pewter basin hung for sign and clashed against the tilt whenever a sea-breeze blew. Malachi did his marketing: Roger himself rarely stepped across his threshold, and had never been known to gossip. To marriage he never gave a thought: "Time enough for that," he had decided, "when Steens became his, as some day it must": for the estate, ever since the first Stephen acquired it in the Wars of the Roses, and gave it his name ("Steens" being but "Stephens" contracted), had been a freehold patrimony descending regularly from father to son or next heir. All in good time Roger Stephen would marry and install his wife in the manor-house. But the shop in Coinage Hall Street was no place for a woman. She would be a nuisance and an expense.

But on a day, about two years before this 8th of May, 1734, word had come down from Steens that his father wished to speak with him.

"Not dying, is he?" Roger asked the messenger.

The messenger chuckled. "Dying? He'll live to a hundred! Eh, it's not dying he's after." And the man winked.

"That's enough," said Roger. "Go back and tell him that if he wants to talk he knows where to find me." And he turned back to his work.

Next day old Humphrey Stephen rode down into Helleston in a towering rage, reined up before his son's shop, and dismounted.

"You're a pretty dutiful kind of son," he snarled. "But I've a word that concerns you, belike. I'm going to marry again."

"Ah!" said Roger, drawing in his breath and eyeing the old man up and down in a way that disconcerted him. "Who's the poor soul?"

"She lives over to Porthleven," answered his father, "and her name is Mary Nankivell. She's—well, in fact, she's a fisherman's daughter, but I've lived long enough to despise differences of that kind."

"I wasn't asking *your* age," said Roger. "What's the woman's?"

"She'll be twenty next birthday. Well, what's your opinion?" he asked testily, for he knew he was doing a wrong thing, and craved an excuse to work himself into a rage.

"On which?" asked Roger—"you or the woman!"

"On the marriage." Old Humphrey stood glowering under his eyebrows, and tapped his boot impatiently with the butt of his riding-whip. "I reckoned it might concern you, that's all."

"I can't see that it does. 'Tis wickedness, of course: but I've no call to interfere. Take and marry the miserable fool, if you're so minded."

Humphrey Stephen had more to say, but gulped it down and mounted his horse with a mischievous grin.

Roger Stephen went back to his work-bench.

"Pack of fools!" growled old Malachi, as the thump-thump of the drum drew nearer. He rose and shifted his stool to a corner. Roger looked forth into the sunny street, blinked, and, picking up a pair of pincers, retired to his watch.

The band came slowly down the street: but before the head of the procession reached the doorway, a panting farm-labourer thrust his head in at the upper flap, crying, "Arise, Master Roger, and dance—or otherwise, as your feelings incline you. For Doctor Gaye sends down his compliments, and your father's had a stroke."

Roger Stephen dropped his pincers. "A stroke! Is it serious?"

"Middlin'," answered the man. "He took it at three in the morning, and never said another word, but passed away a little under two hours ago; and the funeral's on Thursday."

Roger laid down the watch and stood erect. The band drew nearer, still thumping out the Flora tune.

"Malachi," said he, "can you dance the Flora?"

"Bejimbbers!" answered Malachi, "the old man did his best to spoil my legs, but I feel like trying."

III.

Up at Steens the young widow spent the three days before the funeral in a flutter of the nerves. For reasons of her own she stood in fear of her stepson, and felt herself in desperate need of a male champion. Yet she had pluck as well as a head on her shoulders. She might have summoned her old father, the fisherman, over from Porthleven: but she decided that his presence would be a protection rather apparent than real, and might easily set Roger suspecting. Even less politic would be the presence of her Penzance lawyer, Mr. Alfonso Trudgian. She was a young and pretty woman, and by no means a bad one. But she had not married old Humphrey for love, and she meant to have her rights now. In the early morning hours after her husband's death she sat a long while with her hands in her lap, thinking: and then, though her heart sank at the prospect, she resolved to meet and face Roger alone.

He came on horseback that same evening, with Malachi on horseback behind him—both in their best black clothes with hideous black streamers pinned to their hats and dangling. Mrs. Stephen had Roger's old room prepared for him, and met him at the door with decorous politeness.

Roger had never clapped eyes on her before. But she had long ago made it her business to see him: had, in fact, put on bonnet and shawl one day and visited Helleston on pretence of shopping, and had, across the width of Coinage Hall Street, been struck with terrified admiration of his stern face and great stature,

recognising at a glance that here was a very dangerous man indeed for an enemy.

Roger in return considered her merely as a designing baggage who had sold herself to an old fool. He came with a mind quite clear about this, and was not the sort of man to dismiss a prejudice easily. But her greeting, though it did not disarm him, forced him to defer hostilities for the moment, and in his room he allowed to himself that the woman had shown sense. He could not well send her packing while the old man lay above ground; and to begin quarrelling, with his corpse in the house, would be indecent. Go the woman should: but during her three days' grace stepson and stepmother had best keep up appearances.

He did not demur when, descending to supper, he found his father's chair removed from its place at the head of the table, and his own set at the side on the widow's right. She met him with a smile, too, of which he had to approve: she discussed, in low tones but frankly, the old man's illness; told him what there was to tell, pausing now and then with a silent invitation to question her were he minded: and apologised very prettily for her shortcomings as a hostess.

"But you will, of course, order what you want. Luckily, the servants know you and your ways: and you will forgive anything I have overlooked. In the circumstances—"

She broke off, and Roger found himself grunting that "She wasn't to trouble about that: he'd do well enough." Somehow this woman, whom he had expected to find an ignorant fisher-wench, was making him painfully conscious of his own boorishness. Out she must go, of course, after the funeral: but he wished he had seen a little more of good company in the past, and he kept up his temper by reminding himself that he had been ill-used and denied a college education.

The meal ended, she rose and swept him a curtsy. "Peggy will bring you the brandy and water," she said: "or, if you prefer it, there is rum in the house. I thought maybe the weather was warm for a fire, but, as you see, it is laid, and only needs a light if you feel chilly. Your father liked to sit by a fire even on summer evenings." She did not add that he had invariably come drunk to bed. "But there," she ended, with a faint smile, "we have the old servants, and they are not likely to neglect you."

A second curtsy, and she was gone. Roger sat down by the cold hearth and stroked his chin. By-and-by he looked at his fingers as if (absurdly enough) to make sure he had not shaken hands with her.

Roger spent the next day in striding about his acres, planning how to improve them and curtail expenses. The farm, to be sure, was neglected: but here and there he noted improvements, and caught himself wondering if the credit of them belonged to the old man. He left the household to his stepmother, and returned to find his meals ready and his appetite courted by some of his favourite dishes.

At dinner Mrs. Stephen produced and handed to him a sheet of paper.

"I thought it might save trouble," she explained, "if I made out a list of folks to be invited to the funeral. You understand that I've only put down those that occurred to me. Please take the list away and strike out or add any names you choose."

Roger was within an ace of telling her to look after this for herself. He had forgotten that these invitations were necessary and the writing of them would be a nuisance. But he recollected his suspicions, took the paper and carried it out into the fields to study it. The list was a careful one, and almost all the names belonged to neighbours or old family friends. Half-a-dozen at most were unfamiliar to him. He pored over these one by one, but scratched none out. At supper he gave her back the list and somewhat awkwardly asked her to send the invitations.

She thanked him, folded the paper, and thrust it into her bodice.

IV.

They buried Humphrey Stephen on the morning of the 11th, and if any of the widow's own friends attended the funeral they forebore to obtrude themselves during the ceremony or at the breakfast which followed it. While the guests drank sherry and ate cold chicken in the dining-room, Mrs. Stephen carried her grief off to her own apartment, and left Roger to do the honours. She descended only when the throng had taken leave. The room, indeed, when she entered was empty, but for three persons. Roger and the family attorney—Mr. Jose of Helleston—stood by one of the windows in friendly converse, somewhat impatiently eyeing a single belated guest who was helping himself to more sherry.

"What the devil is he doing here?" asked Mr. Jose, who knew the man: but turned and bowed as the young widow entered. "I was on the point, Madam," said he, "of sending up to request your presence. With your leave, I think it is time to read the deceased's will." He pulled out his watch and glanced again, with meaning, towards the stranger.

He had lifted his voice purposely: and the stranger came forward at once with the half of a pasty in one hand and his glass of sherry in the other.

"Certainly," agreed the stranger, with his mouth full of pasty. He nodded familiarly to Mr. Jose, drained his glass, set it down, and wiped his damp fingers on the lapels of his coat. His habits were not pretty, his manners scarcely ingratiating, and the foxy look in his eyes would have spoilt a pleasanter face. "Shall we begin?" he asked, drawing a parcel of papers from his breast-pocket.

Roger Stephen glared at him, somewhat as a bulldog might eye a shrew-mouse. "Who is this?" he demanded.

"This is Mr. Alfonso Trudgian, my lawyer from Penzance," explained the widow, and felt her voice shaking.

"Then he's not wanted."

"But excuse me, Mr. Stephen—this lady's interests—"

"If my father's will makes any provision for her I can attend to it without your interference." Roger glanced at Mr. Jose.

"I think," said that very respectable lawyer, "there can be no harm in suffering Mr. Trudgian to remain, as an act of courtesy to Mrs. Stephen. We need not detain him long. The will I have here was drawn by me on the instruction of my late respected client and was signed by him and witnessed on the 17th of March, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five. It is his last and (I believe) his only one."

"What date?" put in Mr. Alfonso Trudgian pertly.

"I beg your pardon?—the 17th of March, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five."

"Then I'm sorry to interrupt ye, Jose; but since Mr. Roger wants me gone, I have here a will executed by Mr. Stephen on February the 14th last—St. Valentine's Day. And it reads like a valentine, too. 'To my dear and lawful wife, Elizabeth Stephen, I devise and bequeath all my estate and effects, be they real or personal, to be hers absolutely. And this I do in consideration of her faithful and constant care of me. Signed, Humphrey Stephen.' That's short enough, I hope, and sweet."

Mr. Jose reached out a shaking hand for the document, but Roger was before him. At one stride he had reached Mr. Trudgian and gripped him by the collar, while his other hand closed on the paper.

The attorney shrank back, squealing like a rabbit. "Let me go! 'Tis only a copy—let me go, I say!"

"You dirty cur!" Roger's broad palm crumpled up the paper, and with a swift backward movement tossed it at Mrs. Stephen's feet. "Out of the way, Jose—he asks me to let him go, and I will." He lifted the wretched man, and flinging him on the window-seat, pinned him there for a moment with his knee, while he groped for the latch and thrust open the broad lattice.

A moment later, as she stood and shook, Mrs. Stephen saw her legal adviser swung up in the air by his collar and the seat of his breeches and hurled, still squealing, out upon the flagstones of the courtledge, saw him pick himself up, and flee for the gate without even waiting to pick up his wig.

"Thank you," said she, as Roger swung round upon her in turn. Her lips were smiling, but she scarcely recognised her own voice. "Am—I to follow the same way?"

Roger did not smile, but took her by the wrist.

"Gently, Mr. Stephen; gently, I implore you," interposed Mr. Jose.

Roger did not seem to hear, and the woman made no resistance. He led her forth through the hall, across the threshold of Steens, and up the courtledge path. At the gate, as he pushed it wide for her, his grip on her wrist relaxed, and, releasing her, he stood aside.

"Stepson, you are a very foolish man," said she. "Good day to you!"

She passed out. Roger closed the gate grimly, slipped forward its bolt, and walked back to the house.

But the woman without, as he turned his back, stepped aside quickly, leaned a hand against the stone-work, and bowed her head.

Her hand slipped: fainting, she fell forward among the nettles.

V.

"Well, *that's* over!" said Roger, returning to the dining-room and mopping his brow. "Upon my word, Jose, that nasty varmint gave me quite a turn for the moment, he spoke so confident."

"Tut-tut!" ejaculated Mr. Jose, pacing the room with his hands clasped beneath his coat-tails.

"Do you know," Roger continued musingly, "I'm not altogether sorry the woman showed her hand. A thing like that is easier done when your blood's up. But Lord! Could anyone have thought such wickedness was to be found in the world?"

The lawyer rounded on him impatiently. "Mr. Stephen," said he, in the very words the widow had used two minutes before, "you're a very foolish man!"

"Certainly," Roger assured him; "but be dashed to me if I see why."

"Because, Sir, you're on the wrong side of the law. Your father executed that will, and it's genuine, or the vermin—as you call him—would never have taken that line with us."

"I daresay. But what of that?"

"What of that? Why, you've cut yourself off from compromise—that's all. You don't think a fellow of that nature—I say nothing of the woman—will meet you on any reasonable terms after the way you've behaved?"

"Compromise? Terms? Why, dang it all, Jose, you're not telling me the old fool could will away Steens, that has passed in freehold from father to son these two hundred years and more?"

"The law allows it."

"The law allows it!" Roger mimicked. "How soon d'ye think they'll get the country to allow it? Why, the thing's monstrous—'tis as plain as the nose on your face!"

"Oh, you'll get sympathy, no doubt!"

"Sympathy? What the devil do I want with sympathy? I want my rights, and I've got 'em."

"Drat the very name of politics!" exclaimed Mr. Jose.

"I don't take ye, Jose," said Roger.

"No: I daresay not. I was thinking of Sir John."

[This was Sir John Piers, of Nausclowan, hard by, whose forefathers had in old times been feudal lords of the Stephens of Steens: a Parliament man, and the one man in Parliament whom (as it was rumoured) Walpole had never attempted to bribe.] "He's up at Westminster speechifying against corruption and long Parliaments and doing ten men's work to save the State: but, for your sake, I wish he was home minding the affairs of his parish. For I do believe he'd be for you at the bottom of his heart; and, if he used his influence, we might come to a settlement."

"Settlement?" Roger well-nigh choked over the word. "Look here, Jose: are you my lawyer, or are you not? What in thunder do I want with Sir John? Right's right, and I'm going to stand on it. You *know* I'm in the right: and yet, like a cowardly attorney, at the first threat you hum-and-haw and bethink you about

surrender. I don't know what you call it, Sir; but I call it treachery. 'Settlement'?—I've a dashed good mind to believe they've bought you over!"

Mr. Jose gathered up his papers. "After that speech, Mr. Stephen, it don't become me to listen to more. As your father's friend, I'm sorry for you. You're an ill-used man: but you're going to be a worse used one, and by your own choice. I wish, indeed, I may prove mistaken; but my fear is, you have set your feet in a desperate path. Good-day, Sir!"

And so Roger Stephen quarrelled with his wisest friend.

VI.

Next day, Roger went over the house with Jane Trewoofe, the cook, and belongings. These he did up carefully into three bales and sent them over to Porthleven by Pete Nancarrow, the packhorse carrier.

Of danger he had scarcely a suspicion, and the weeks that followed brought him no hint of any. Here at Steens life passed quietly enough, the servants obeying him as though he had been master for years. They repeated no gossip to him, and any rumours Malachi picked up Malachi kept to himself. Roger—never a man to talk with servants—brooded rather on the attempted wrong. That in itself was enough to sour a man. He had met it with prompt action and baulked it: but he nursed a sense of injury.

The days drew on to hay-harvest: and on the 5th of June Roger and his men started to mow Behan Parc, a wide meadow to the east of the house. Roger took a scythe himself. He enjoyed mowing.

By noon the field was half shorn, and the master, pausing to whet his scythe, had begun to think upon dinner, when at a call from Malachi he looked up to see a ragged wastrel of a man picking his way across the swathes towards him with a paper in his hand.

"Hullo! What's this?" he demanded, taking the paper and unfolding it.

As his eye took in its contents, the blood surged up and about his temples. He tore the paper across and across again, flung the pieces on the ground, and stooped for his scythe.

The wastrel cast a wild look about him and fled. As he turned, presenting his back, Roger hurled his hone. It caught him a little above the shoulder-blades, almost on the neck, and broke in two pieces. The unhappy man pitched forward on his face. Some of the mowers ran to pick him up. "Thee'st killed him, master, for sure!" cried one.

"So best!" snarled Roger, and strode back to the house without another look.

Over his first blind incredulous rage there swept a passionate longing to be alone in the house—to sit in it and look about him and assure himself. Without thought of what he did, he touched the door-jamb reverently as he stepped across the threshold. He wandered from room to room, and even upstairs, feeling the groove in the oaken stair-rail familiar under his palm. Yes, it was his, this home of dead and gone Stephens: it was here, and he was its master. And of this they would dare to deprive him—they, an interloping trollop and a dirty little attorney! No, it couldn't be done. He clenched and unclenched his fists: it could never be done in England! But the wrong was monstrous, all the same.

By-and-by he grew calmer, went down to the parlour, ate his dinner, and sallied out to the meadow again. The wastrel had disappeared. Roger asked no questions, but took up his scythe, stepped into the rank, and mowed. He mowed like a giant, working

his men fairly to a standstill. They eyed him askance, and eyed each other as they fell behind. But he strode on and on, scything down the grass—his grass, grown on his earth, reaped with his sweat.

VII.

The hay had been gathered and stacked, and the stacks thatched; and still Roger lived on at Steens, unmolested. He began to feel that the danger had blown over, and for this security old Malachi was responsible. Malachi had witnessed the scene in the hayfield, and dreamed for nights after of the look on his master's face. The next time a messenger arrived (he told himself) there would be murder done: and the old man had seen gibbets in his time, and bodies dangling from them in chains.



Mrs. Stephen saw her legal adviser swung up in the air by his collar.

He began to watch the road for messengers, and never slackened his watch. Six in all he intercepted during the next three weeks, and took the papers they gave him to carry to his master. It seemed to him to be raining papers. He could not read, and, had he been able, their contents would have conveyed no meaning to him. He burned every one in secret. It is possible that, had they reached Roger, they would have had no effect beyond angering him. He believed—as for miles around every man not a lawyer believed—that freehold land which has once descended to an heir could not be alienated without the next heir's consent: nor in all the countryside had such a wrong been perpetrated within living memory. It would have taken, twenty lawyers with their books to shake him in this conviction. But it is a fact that he never received a last letter from Lawyer Jose imploring him to appear and fight the suit entered against him, and not to sit in obstinate slumber while his enemies destroyed him.

After this for some weeks the stream of messengers ceased, and even Malachi breathed more freely. He still, however, kept his eye lifting, and was able to intercept the document announcing that in the case of "Stephen v. Stephen" judgment had been entered against the defendant, who was hereby commanded to evade the premises and yield up possession without delay. This also he destroyed.

But there arrived a morning when, as Roger sat at breakfast, the old man came running with news of a gang of men on the road, not six hundred yards away, and approaching the house.

"Are the gates bolted?" asked Roger, rising and taking down two guns from the rack over the chimney-piece.

"Ay, master: bolted and locked." With some vague notion that thereby he asserted possession, Roger had bought new padlocks and clapped them on all three gates—the wrought-iron one admitting to the courtlege, the side wicket, and the great folding-doors of the stable-yard at the back.

"Where's Joseph?" This was the farm-hind.

"In the challs." (Cattle-sheds.)

"Take you this gun and give him the other; and you're to fire on anyone who tries to force the stable-gate. They're loaded, the pair of 'em, with buckshot. Now this fellow"—he reached down a third gun—"is loaded blank, and here's another with a bullet in him. I'll take these out to the front."

"But, master, 'tis a hanging matter!"

"And I'll hang, and so shall you, before e'er a man o' these scoundrels sets foot in Steens. Go you off quick and tell Joseph, if there's trouble, to let slip the tether of the shorthorn bull."

Roger crammed a powder-flask into one pocket with a handful of wadding, a bag of bullets into another, took his two guns, and went forth into the courtlege, in time to see a purple-faced man, in an ill-fitting Dalmahoy wig, climb up off his horse and advance to the gate, with half-a-dozen retainers behind him.

He tried the latch, and, finding it locked, began to shake the gate by the bars.

"Hullo!" said Roger. "And who may you be, making so bold?"

"I am the Under-Sheriff of Cornwall, Sir; and I've come with a writ of ejectment. You've defied the law long enough, Master Stephen: you've brought me far: and, if you've ever heard the name of William Sandercock, you know he's one to stand no nonsense."

"I never heard tell of you," said Roger, appearing to search his memory; "but, speaking off-hand and at first sight, I should say that you was either half-drunk or tolerably unlucky in your face."

And, indeed, the Under-Sheriff had imbibed much brandy on the road.

"Open the gate!" he foamed.

Roger stepped back and chose his gun. "You'd best lead him away quiet," he advised the men in the road. "You won't? Then I'll give the fool till I count three. One—two—three!" And he let off his gun full in the Under-Sheriff's face.

The poor man staggered back, clapped his hand to his jaw, and howled: for the discharge was close enough to scorch his face and singe his wig. Also one eyebrow was burnt, and, before he knew if he still retained his sight, his horse had plunged free and was galloping down the road with the whole posse in pursuit, and only too glad of the excuse for running.

"Turn loose the bull!" shouted Roger, swinging round towards the house.

The Under-Sheriff found his legs, and bolted for dear life after his horse.

(To be continued.)



Photo. Cassar, Valetta

THE RETURN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT FROM INDIA: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' ARRIVAL AT MALTA.
On March 16 the Duke and Duchess arrived at Malta on board H.M.S. "Renown." Escorted by mounted police and mounted infantry, they drove to the Governor's palace, where the formal reception took place.



H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: SADDLING UNBROKEN MULES FOR TRANSPORT SERVICE AT OBBIA.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "How absurd it is to have unbroken mules as transport is shown in my sketch. Day after day the officer in charge has been practising loading the animals, with the same result: they kick and plunge, get rid of their loads, and scatter the loaders on each occasion. The few mules that have gone up country have caused any amount of trouble."

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO SOMALILAND: HAZARDOUS MAIL SERVICE.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



FIGHTING THE SURF AT OBBIA: THE MARINE TRANSPORT OFFICER TAKING OFF MAILS AND DISPATCHES TO H.M.S. "HIGHFLYER."

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "One day when the surf was running very high, and the red flag was flying to denote that no boats could go out or in, the General gave imperative orders that his mails must be put on board H.M.S. 'Highflyer,' which was starting for Aden. Commander Huddleston, marine transport officer, immediately ordered out a Massulah boat, and went on board her himself with two bluejackets who were joining their ship. No one thought the boat could live in such a sea, but the native crew behaved splendidly, and the craft was a wonder." Of these boats our Artist sends a full description, which is printed in "Our Illustrations" article.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

That very old idea of dreaming as a portent of things to come, and as an aid to the discovery of mysteries, received an illustration the other day in the course of the investigation of a specially sad case. This was the incident in which a young lady who had disappeared was found drowned. The statement was made that a certain woman dreamed that the body would be found at a given spot. The allegation is that at the spot in question the body was discovered; and so, once again, the view that hidden things may be revealed in dreams appears to be supported.

Let us take the categorical statement first of all for examination. The dreamer in the case which serves us as a text alleges that the discovery of the body was made in the special place indicated in the dream—not one dream, by the way, but three successive visions. Assuming this item to be accepted, we might dispose of the incident, in so far as anything supernatural is concerned, by the suggestions either that it was a matter of coincidence that the spot was indicated, or that the exact place was not so set forth. It is easy to be wise after the event, and from experience one knows well how the after-recital of a dream is unintentionally made to fit the facts. The plodder after details might seek to know if the spot where the body was discovered had not been previously visited. Knowing of the thorough search which was made, it seems difficult to believe that any spot on the coast at hand could have been overlooked. Therefore, it is quite within reason to believe that when the first or second dreams occurred, the body may not have been in the place indicated at all, but subsequently drifted in.

But there is a very much wider and far more important view of dreams as portents which the impartial critic may reasonably take. We may neglect the idea that even in the multitude of dreams we are bound by the law of averages to find some which come true. The greater wonder would be if some dreams missed the mark. That which concerns us most, or those things which bulk largely in our interests, assuredly do figure prominently in dreams. Take the case of a lady who has an only son in India much given to sport. She dreams frequently of mishaps with tigers. One day he does sustain an injury in the course of a hunt, and this is regarded as the realisation of her dreams. One is tempted to ask here, "Of which dream?" because of the number in which there is included the vision of peril to the son. This is an exact case known to me, and yet the fallacy is never regarded. The one incident that happens is made to do duty as the example of a particular dream, whereas it is the chance coincidence that applies to a whole series.

Apply this reasoning to the recent case. The whole district was greatly excited over the disappearance of the lady. The circumstances of her case were tragic in the extreme, and such as to call forth the deep sympathy of everyone who read of the incident. What more natural than that dozens of people should dream of the disappearance, or what more likely than that, having regard to the fact that the lady was last seen on a pier at night, the conceptions of the day that she was drowned should be reproduced in dreams? My argument here is that the reverse would be a very astonishing state of things. The talk of the place would be concentrated on the disappearance, and every possible theory would be threshed out over and over again, with the result that in the case of certain individuals there would be an inevitable extension of the day's thoughts onwards into the semi-conscious state of the night. Therefore, if it is insisted upon that any special dream does not merely represent a coincidence, but one which has "come true," we are left in the quandary of having to account for a mass of other visions which have failed utterly as portents.

It is the erratic nature of dreams viewed as auguries which serves to show the entirely chance nature of them all. One might suggest that if any definite supernormal system existed whereby information could be mysteriously communicated to man by dreams, we should hear much more frequently than we do of wonderful discoveries being made through their media. Some time ago an American writer, dealing with palmistry and other occult practices, said, very aptly, that if there was any truth in such delineations regarding the future, a huge income awaited the successful expert at the hands of insurance offices, which would be only too pleased to know how to base their calculations regarding life's expectancy on records more reliable than average tables of mortality. If dreams were reliable as portents, fortunes might await the person who owns a betting-book, or who indulges in "little flutters" at Monte Carlo and elsewhere. But the whole history of visions is a record of erratic ways and works, and the wise man places no reliance on features of his life which are mere reproductions, more or less distorted, of the thoughts, fancies, or events of the day. The recent dream is therefore really an illustration of the vagaries of visions. It is one chance shot which hit the mark from among a shower of visionary bullets aimed at a target of popular interest.

It is always hard to part with ideas that have grown up with the race from the days of its early evolution. The dream has figured in human history for as long a period as man has been able to think and reflect on the less-known pathways of his psychology. Little wonder that myth of old enwrapped the dream, and projected it forwards into the life of early mankind as a thing to be regarded with due care and interest. We see survivals of this interest among us to-day. Even educated folks are not quite freed from superstition's influence; but the person who believes in dreams is not amenable to reason. His only wise and satisfactory resource is to purchase a penny dream-book.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

W B (Clapham Park).—We are much obliged for the games, which we hope to use very shortly.

HERWARD.—The game is scarcely strong enough—it is so very one-sided. The finish is good, but the play of the loser is poor.

R BEE.—Thanks for the extract, which is both interesting and true. We regret we have no space at our disposal to quote from it.

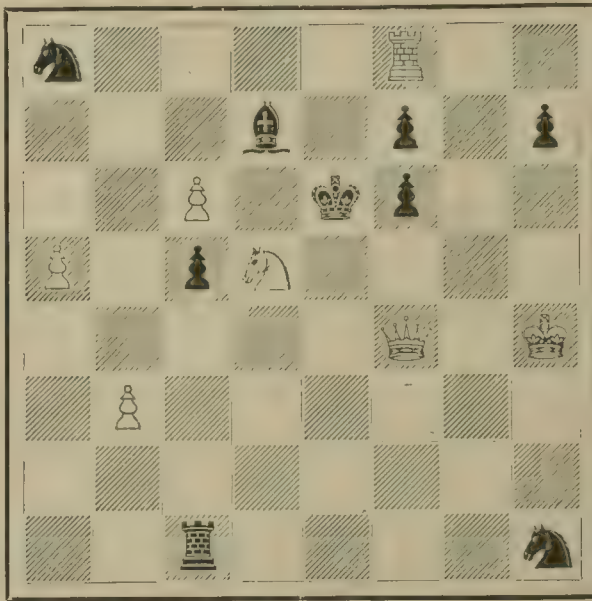
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3066 and 3068 received from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3069 from W M Eglington (Birmingham) and Fire Plug (Newport); of No. 3070 from Marco Salem (Bologna), Emile Frau, and Fire Plug (Newport); of No. 3071 from Fire Plug, E G D (Hlaydon), W A Lillico (Glasgow), C E W (Hertford), A J Allen (Hampstead), Chas H Allen, A G (Pancsova), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), F B (Worthing), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), W J Moran (Isle of Man), H S Brandreth (Florence), Thomas Burt, Emile Frau (Lyons), Basil Tree (Camberwell), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3072 received from Clement C Danby, A Belcher (Wycombe), Martin F, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R Worters (Canterbury), Fire Plug (Newport), H J Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), W A Lillico (Glasgow), F Henderson (Leeds), J W (Campsie), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Albert Wolf (Putney), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W D Easton (Sunderland), Herbert A Salway, Reginald Gordon, J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Edith Corser (Reigate), Captain Barnes, E E Fenton, James W North, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Shadforth, and R Athfield (Clifton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3071.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K 8th Any move.
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3074.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Messrs. TARRASCH and WOLF.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. B takes B	Kt takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. R takes Kt	B to R 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to B 4th	25. B to K 6th	Q to Kt 2nd (ch)
		26. B to Kt 4th	P to Kt 3rd
		27. Q to Q 5th	R to K sq
		28. Kt to B sq	Q to Kt 4th
		29. Q to Kt 7th	R to K 2nd
		30. Q takes R P	Q to B 5th
		31. K to R sq	R to Kt sq
		32. Q to R 6th	

This is uncommon, and is here considered to be of value. It serves here, however, for the overthrow of White.

We do not see the object of this move. Development of forces as quickly as possible is the very essence of the Ray Lopez.

White is already in a bad way, and this advance of the Pawn completes his discomfiture.

All this is lively enough, but the exchanges are entirely in favour of Black.

The Monte Carlo Tournament proved more than usually successful, although the strain of a double round told its tale in the final results.

The games were interesting and in many cases brilliant; the openings presented a greater variety than is customary in this class of play, and if no feature of novelty presented itself, there was plenty to criticise in the revival of old or abandoned debuts.

The first places in the prize-list fell, however, to the masters whose play is inspired by experience rather than imagination, and their success was very marked in the second round, when Dr. Tarrasch carried all before him.

It is with a feeling of regret one notices how low down Messrs. Marshall and Mieses stand, for no finer games are to be found throughout the whole of the play than some of theirs.

The following are the successful scores: Dr. Tarrasch, first prize, 20 points; Mr. Maroczy, second, 19; and Mr. Pillsbury, third, 18½.

The Nightingale Lane Chess Club, after some years of hard trying, have at last carried off the Surrey County Challenge Cup, under the leadership of Sir Wyke Bayliss, who set his team the notable example of winning every game he has played in the competition for the last two years.

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Very ingenious. If now Black play R takes B, then 31 Q to B 8th (ch), etc.

From here to the end of the game the play on both sides is very adroit and interesting. White tries most skilfully to avert the consequences of his bad opening.

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SPRING SALMON.

Our recent correspondence from the Scottish Highlands has been uncomplimentary to the weather. The cosiness of our breakfast tables has been invaded by tales of snow-banks as tall (the tales, we mean) as any of Australian dust-storms. We have had visions of locomotives coming at a snow-drift with the impetuosity of a trout at a May fly. Sometimes a scientific colour has been given the account by mention of a gale blowing from the south at the moment of intensest frost. Earlier in the year few epistles have been delivered from the temptation to chortle insolently which besets a curler, with six inches of ice all round him, when he writes of his game to a "brither-curler," doomed to winter 'mid perpetual thaws. Then, again, came thrilling tales of flood and tempest such as had not been known for years, and it was curious to reflect, amid these untoward meteorological conditions, that the brave sport of salmon-fishing was already in full swing in these same storm-swept regions.

Scarce are we entered upon a new year when salmon-fishing begins on our waters, and (with an Irish exception) the earliest start is made in the far north. Rods may be out in the Tay district without reproach by Jan. 15, and they are legal nearly a week before that on the Helmsdale, Thurso, Naver, Halladale, and other rivers on the north-east coast. The opening day is later in the west and south: for example, it is as late as the closing days of February on the Annan and on some Ayrshire waters. This relation between the geographical situation of the rivers and the date of their opening for the salmon-rods is not constant. Thus the Forss, though it lies between the Thurso and the Halladale, is closed to the rods until Feb. 11, a whole month later than these; and the Tweed, away in the south, is open to them on Feb. 1. As a matter of fact, in fixing the close seasons for the salmon rivers, the law has not to be guided at all by their position on the map. A salmon river is "early" or "late," not according as it falls into the sea east, west, or south, but according as the run of clean fish into it is earlier or later. If most east-coast rivers open earlier than those to the west and south, it ought to be because waters in the east-coast group are subject, while those elsewhere are not, to conditions which induce the fish to run up them early. And so it is; but there are various exceptions, and it need not surprise us that the law, which has the reputation of being "a hass," should have made a mistake about several of them. Take the case of the Fleet, for example. The Fleet, though it lies among really "early" rivers, is itself a water the "lateness" of which is not sufficiently recognised in an opening day fixed for Feb. 24. On the other hand, while the Hope, a "late" river, opens on Jan. 11, the greatly earlier Brora is kept closed for a month longer. Some early rivers, that is to say, are made late in the law, and some late ones early; but, generally speaking, the east-coast rivers, which open early, are early also in the sense of containing an early run of fish.

To take the next step, however, and say what these conditions, presumably common to all "early rivers," are which induce salmon to enter them in the months of early spring is to step from the solid ground of fact upon a slippery path of speculation. One who writes about the salmon is faced by many such paths. Before attempting to explain why one river contains clean-run fish in January, say, while another does not, he ought to answer the question how it comes that fresh fish are found in any of our rivers at that early date. For since it is for spawning purposes that salmon run up the rivers, and since all the evidence points to the spawning season of salmon being pretty rigidly confined to the four months from October to January, clearly we have a curious problem set us by the presence in these early rivers of the fish at a time when the reproductive instinct cannot be strong within them. The solution is generally found in the theory of divided migration, according to which many salmon spawn in alternate years only. In all likelihood this is the explanation of spring salmon; but it offers none for the appearance of spring salmon in certain rivers and not in others. The recent report of the Royal Commissioners throws doubt upon the choice of the fish being determined by conditions natural to the favoured rivers. There are those, on the other hand, who seek in some natural condition of a river the reason for its holding spring fish, and they generally find it in its temperature. The argument from temperature is as complicated as it is interesting; but, briefly, its main line is this: Unlike the short mountainous rivers of the west, those on the east are long, and for part of their course run through districts where the climate is mild. In consequence of this, or for other reasons, the temperature of the water in them is higher than that of waters subject to different conditions; and, moreover, on reaching the sea these rivers meet, in the grandiosely styled German Ocean, water of a greatly lower temperature than prevails in the Gulf Stream-influenced Atlantic. And so, it is surmised, the salmon, which prefers the water of the lower temperature, runs up these east-coast rivers early; whereas, in the warmer seas of the west, it shrinks from entering the colder rivers that flow into them.

The question, like many others relating to the salmon, is "wropt in mist'ry," but the fact is indisputable that there are spring fish in these early rivers from the first days of the year, and that there is now nothing in the law to prevent the favoured angler from trying for them. So far, therefore, it is correct to say that salmon-fishing has begun. It is just as well, however, to remember the Sabbath-breaking urchin's distinction between "fushin'" and "catchin' fush"—a distinction, in these early weeks of the season especially, driven well home upon the angler. For some time to come, the Clerk of the Weather is the sole arbiter of the salmon-fisher's fortunes. They will be at a low ebb should our correspondents in the North have reason to set us in a shiver afresh with fearsome tales of snow and frost. For salmon are shy of showing when "in mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes."

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RETURN: THE WELCOME BY THE CITY OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



The Lord Mayor. Mr. Chamberlain.

THE CIVIC RECEPTION, MARCH 20: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE LORD MAYOR ENTERING THE GUILDHALL

Mr. Chamberlain was received in the Library, and at half-past twelve the City Sword and Mace Bearers marshalled the Lord Mayor and the Colonial Secretary to the door within the Guildhall. As they entered, the audience, which was large and distinguished, rose and cheered enthusiastically. The curious machine which appears in our drawing is the Great Seal of the City, which usually stands in the Council Chamber, but was removed to the Guildhall for the holding of a special Court of Common Council.

Lord Tansworth, Duke of Argyll, Miss Balfour, Mr. Balfour, Archbishop of Canterbury, United States Ambassador, Mrs. Chamberlain, Lord Mayor, Lady Mayo, Mr. Chamberlain, Countess of Halsbury, Lord Chancellor, Duke of Devonshire, Duchess of Somerset, Duke of Somerset.



THE CITY'S RECOGNITION OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY SPEAKING AT THE BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE, MARCH 20
DRAWN BY S. BREGG.

"The old idea of dominion was an authority to be used by the central State for its own advantages. The new conception of Empire is of a voluntary organization based on community of interests and community of sacrifices, to which all should bring their contribution to the common good. It is this new spirit, I believe, which we have need to infuse into our Colonies."

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: THE RIVAL CREWS.

E. P. Evans (Reserve). 4. E. S. Kelly. C. K. Phillips (Coach). C. A. Willis (Bow)... 2. A. K. Graham.



E. G. Monier-Williams (Stroke). 7. G. C. Drinkwater. 3. A. De L. Long (President). 5. H. W. Adams. 6. D. Milburn.
F. T. H. Eyre (Cox).

THE OXFORD CREW.

Dudley Ward (Coach). 2. P. H. Thomas.
3. J. S. Carter. Sir John Edwards-Moss. 3. S. R. Beale.



R. H. Nelson (Stroke). 6. H. B. Gylls. W. H. Chapman (Bow). 4. C. W. H. Taylor. 7. J. Edwards-Moss.
B. G. A. Scott (Cox).

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

AN ENGLISH CHILD PRINCESS AND CHILDREN OF THE PRAIRIE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



PRINCESS MARY OF WALES AND THE INDIAN CHILDREN AT OLYMPIA.

During the royal visit to Colonel Cody's "Wild West" Show on March 19—the second visit within five days—the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughter proceeded, after the Queen's departure, to inspect the Indian village, where the little Princess shook hands with some of the papooses.

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE ON THE STAGE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



DR. JUTINER
(Mr. J. D. Beveridge).

PRINCE KARL HEINRICH
(Mr. George Alexander).

GRAF VON ASTERBERG
(Mr. Ernest Leicester).

KÄTHE
(Miss Eva Moore).

THE NEW PLAY, "OLD HEIDELBERG," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF RÜDER'S INN.

(See "The Playhouses.")

THE JOURNAL OF STATE MEDICINE,

the official Organ of

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH, LONDON,

says in No. 8, Vol. X., page 463:

The Odol Question.

We have had so many enquiries made recently, respecting the new Mouth-antiseptic, Odol, which has lately been placed on the market, that we have felt it desirable to investigate the merits of this preparation.

During the year, reports upon the results of exhaustive analyses have been published. An absolutely perfect Mouth-wash must fulfil the following six requirements:—1. It must be absolutely harmless. 2. Neutral. 3. Non-irritant to the sensitive mucous membrane of the mouth. 4. Deodorising. 5. Refreshing. 6. Antiseptic. In his examination, Mr. D. Watson, L.D.S., R.C.S., has shown that the Odol-antiseptic is harmless and neutral; that it deodorises and refreshes the mouth; is absolutely non-irritant to the mucous membrane of the mouth, and is antiseptic in its effect. The antiseptic and disinfecting property of Odol is of far longer duration than that of any other known Mouth-wash. Mr. Watson also shows that the Odol-antiseptic completely arrests the development of lactic-acid germs, of septic germs, and completely disinfects any fragments of food remaining in the mouth.

In regard to the harmlessness of Odol, Dr. Roese,^{*)} of Dresden, gives a report in the "Journal of Hygiene and Infectious Diseases." In analysing certain well-known mouth-washes, it has been shown, that, by their use, the teeth suffer loss in weight in many cases, but by the use of Odol—**nothing**. It is also noteworthy that most mouth-washes, with the exception of Odol, turn the teeth a dark colour in any weak or decayed parts. Therefore Odol must be looked upon as an absolutely harmless mouth-antiseptic.

"In the face of these results, and considering the supreme importance of proper care of the teeth and mouth, we do not hesitate to express the opinion that Odol is the most valuable preparation for the cleansing of the teeth and mouth that has recently been brought to our notice."

^{*)} Dr. Roese is the foremost authority on the subject of Dental Hygiene of the present day.

We shall be glad to supply men of science, and any others interested in the matter, with the treatises on the chemical and antiseptic properties of Odol, and with extracts from the literature on the subject.—

Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours—"Sweet Rose" and "Standard Flavour." The former is delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies, while, generally, "Standard Flavour" is preferred on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect. When the teeth are cleaned with Odol the whole mouth is rejuvenated as the body is by a bath. A flask of Odol costs 1s. 6d.; and a large flask 2s. 6d. Procurable from every chemist.

ODOL CHEMICAL WORKS, 26, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

LADIES' PAGES.

The Irish Industries Association may be much congratulated on the excellence and variety of their wares recently exhibited at Londonderry House. The laces, embroideries, and tweeds were all of high-class quality and yet quite moderate in price; there was nothing flimsy or useless on view, and everyone who patronised the charity got good value for their money—which is always a satisfaction. It was cheering to see how the impoverished gentlewoman and the ignorant peasant alike are being instructed how to bring their work up to market value. Furniture, carving, metal-work, and baskets, all made by Irish hands in Ireland, were among the many things sold, while a hopeful sign of the times was the commencement of toy-making, an industry that has so long been left to foreigners and that might well be encouraged in this country. There is but little outlay required for the work, and children of various ages are able to help. The toys on view at Lord Londonderry's were excellent examples of the carpenter's skill; the miniature wardrobes were supplied with pegs, the tiny drawers fitted perfectly, the dining-tables had leaves which could be added when the dolls had company to dinner. Ladies draw the patterns of the toys, and young lads of the cottager class are taught how to make them, the heavier kinds, such as the large dolls' furniture, being made by labouring men "out of work." The Cushendall Toy Industry had an excellent show arranged by Miss Sturge, assisted by Lady O'Malley; and a small space on the Countess of Aberdeen's stall was given to Miss Vesey whereon to exhibit some tiny jaunting-cars, dolls' chairs and tables and the like, which are made by the poor people of Bagnalstown. Miss Vesey was first incited to start this industry by seeing the idleness of the soldiers home from the war. The light occupation kept them from getting into bad habits, and put a little money into their pockets as well. The Belfast School of Art Needlework had a nice show of up-to-date articles both for use and for ornament, and when I admired the daintiness of some white embroidered pincushions, the reply was, "Ah, if you could only see some of the cottages in which they are worked!" Very original designs were to be found on this stall, including eight o'clock tea-tray cloths embroidered with rising suns and the following quaint verse, which had been found in some ancient book—

When ye morn'g rises red,
Rise not thou, but keep thy bed.
When ye dawn is dull and grey,
Sleep is still the better way.

These are certainly very appropriate lines for people who breakfast in bed.

The first thing that met the eye on entering the exhibition was a great store of Irish friezes and home-



AN AFTERNOON DRESS IN LINON-DE-SOIE.

spuns in white and colour, including the new shade called "champagne." A discreet attendant behind a long table was measuring off yards and yards of material—a curious sight in the picture-gallery of Londonderry House. Lady Londonderry had hit upon the excellent idea of inducing one of the stall-holders to wear a motor-coat of soft, thick white homespun, set off with silver buttons and a black velvet collar, to give people an idea of how well the material looked made up. The dresses of the stall-holders in many cases were excessively beautiful, some of them serving as a revelation of the coming fashions. The Marchioness herself looked superb in a stately Princess gown of sapphire-blue velvet, with pleated revers and tiny undersleeves of corn-coloured gauze. Diamond earrings were worn, and a necklace of very large pearls round the throat, while a sapphire of great size in the centre of a diamond pendant served as a note of colour to the costume. Lady Londonderry wore no bonnet, which was suitable to her position as hostess. Her hair was arranged in somewhat classic style, and she carries her head as though nature had expressly designed it for the wearing of a tiara. Viscountess Castlereagh, who served at the same stall, wore a mauve silk blouse with a cloth skirt exactly matching it, and a deep Empire belt of gilt tissue, while her red-gold hair was set off by a large black hat. Lady Arthur Hill looked extremely well in black satin Duchesse with an old-lace fichu, and a mauve straw hat partly veiled with chiffon of the same colour with pansies under the brim, and an aigrette of forget-me-nots above. Lady Trevor wore white silk entirely set in tiny tucks, a brown tulle toque edged with sable, a sable boa, and a large corsage bouquet of purple violets. The Countess Cadogan wore brown trimmed with narrow lines of black braid and a toque with crimson roses. Lady Carew was in dark green checked with black, bordered with a narrow edge of fancy gimp, according to the latest fashion. Mrs. George Noble was much admired in a novel spring costume of a bluish shade of grey, with its short sac-back jacket cut in handkerchief points. Long hanging sleeves were a feature of the coat, the toilette being finished by a large black hat tied with velvet strings.

Another interesting exhibition took place at much the same time in the home of a peeress. Most charming designs in jewellery and bric-a-brac were to be seen among the collection of enamels which formed a special feature at the annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society, held on this occasion at Lord and Lady Battersea's beautiful house near the Marble Arch. Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein showed some of her own enamelling, including some pretty little boxes in the shape of pansies, and some ornate wine-labels in green slightly shaded with blue. There were five of these labels, with gold letters signifying that they are intended to be applied to decanters containing port, marsala, claret, etc. The

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Ranee of Sarawak, who was judge of the enamels, showed some good specimens of her own work. Mrs. Bethune's fruit knives and forks were much admired. They were made with a ring of jewels round the top of the pearl handle, which terminated in a flower in coloured enamel with a precious stone in the centre; each flower was in a different colour, with a harmonising stone for its eye. Mrs. Edith Dick's curio-table would delight the hearts of collectors. It was made of satinwood and lined with white satin, so that one looked down through the glass top as into a fairy well. The sides were festooned with necklaces of pearls and turquoises, and there was a miniature frame for the Queen's head in the centre, with Mercury wings in green and blue either side. Three little fishes in green enamel, hooked on to a gold chain, made a very novel-looking pendant, and there were pale heartsease, peacocks, and dolphins among the contents of this case, which were undeniably charming. The amateur pictures were a trifle less interesting than usual, but the activity in the jewellery department was great. The Princess wore a grey-green gown and a coral-coloured hat trimmed with edelweiss; Lady Battersea was in purple velvet relieved with white.

The uncertainty of this climate is particularly trying in the world of dress, for the winter furs have lost their first freshness, and are often a little too heavy, while the winds are sufficiently cold to make it seem dangerous to adopt lighter wraps. Hygienic underwear is more than ever important at this time of year, and if this department is well attended to, we shall avoid the risk of catching an unbecoming cold or worse on changing furs for spring cloths. Dr. Rasurel's underwear takes a leading place among hygienic inventions, and will effectively protect its wearers from chills. It is composed of pure wool and peat fibre, the latter being celebrated for its antiseptic qualities. The mixture of the two forms a fabric that absorbs and evaporates the moisture of the skin, and is equally beneficial in hot and cold climates. It can be obtained in natural brown or in pure white, and it is wonderful to see a material at once so elastic and so strong. The different weights vary from a cloth as thick as lamb's-wool to a bit of network no coarser than a lady's mitten. This netting or stockinet underwear is a new speciality, and is invaluable in summer. Dr. Rasurel's underwear is highly recommended by the medical faculty, and can be obtained in all sizes for ladies, gentlemen, or children, but will be made to measure when desired without extra charge. The articles all bear the signature of the Doctor. They can be obtained at many agents in town and country, including Messrs. John Barker, of Kensington.

Fruit is a natural and wholesome article of diet, but it requires something to go with it to bring out its full flavour. Custard is unrivalled for this purpose, and as eggs are not always reliable, at all events in town,

the prudent housewife will always keep a supply of Bird's Custard Powders in store, as by this means a delicious sweet, which is sure to give satisfaction, can be served up at the shortest notice.

Here are some exquisite afternoon-dresses for driving, visiting, and so on that I have seen lately. One was in biscuit-coloured faced cloth. It had an upper skirt which fell quite simply to the knees, but was edged with Russian embroidery in tones of blue and fawn, a band of the same trimming being placed down the left side. From beneath this appeared an underskirt laid in large box-pleats all the way round. The bodice opened down the centre above a vest of blue silk and lace. A crownless hat formed of layers of fine blue felt trimmed with a wreath of forget-me-nots and white and brown orchids mingled, while the underneath of the brim was swathed in biscuit-coloured tulle, completed the costume. Another gown in pastel-pink canvas has the skirt made with a yoke on the hips cut into battlements, an especially deep and wide square being placed in the immediate centre. The material was laid in tucks in the intervals between the downward squares. The bodice was set into box-pleats falling from a yoke shaped to correspond with that on the hips. These pleats were held down by tabs of the material placed slantwise, and finished at each end by a neat little tassel. A dress of this particular colour seems to call for a black picture-hat, and this is just what had been provided. Chiffon was laid in small tucks on the underneath of the brim, while the crown was encircled with the same dainty material, much ruched and gathered. A couple of long ostrich feathers finished the design.

One of the dresses illustrated by our Artist this week is also made with the material set into folds on the bodice. This is a style very becoming to the slender, but it should be avoided by those inclined to plumpness, as the effect is then apt to be somewhat ungainly. The trimming on this costume ends in little circles, and from the centre of each one of these a tassel is suspended. The vest is of white crêpe-de-Chine finely tucked, and fastening down the centre by means of wee bows of black velvet ribbon. The sleeves are particularly pretty and uncommon. The second design is in pigeon-grey cloth, and is ornamented by bands of appliqué cloth, cut out into an elaborate design. This style of trimming always gives a very distinguished appearance to a costume, and when it is employed little other decoration is required. The toque is composed entirely of lilac, with a knot of ribbon resting on the hair.

FILOMENA.

A VISITING GOWN TRIMMED WITH APPLIQUÉ CLOTH.

"No Better Food."—Dr. ANDREW WILSON F.R.S.E., &c.

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PURE
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Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa
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Two rows, £1 7s. 6d.; One row, £1 5s.
Solid Gold, £9 10s. and £7 15s.

WILSON & GILL have removed to their new and extensive premises with an entirely fresh stock of high-class Silver Plate, manufactured since the fall in the price of silver, thus enabling them to sell at prices far lower than any other house in the trade.

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Solid Silver Flower Bowl, with Wood Plinth and Netting, 6 in., £3 5s.; 7 in., £4 10s.; 8 in., £5 5s.



12 Fine African Ivory Handle Fish Knives and Forks, in Polished Oak Case, Best Electro-Plated Blades, £4 10s.; Solid Silver Blades, £9 10s.



Solid Silver Two-Handle Prize Cup.
Height, 7 in., 8 in., 9 in., 10 in.
Price, £2 2s. £2 15s. £3 5s. £4 10s.

Sunlight Soap Lengthens Life!

Washing in the old way, with common soap, its rubbing and scrubbing, takes three times as long as the Sunlight way. You waste hours each week, weeks each year.—Sunlight Soap saves that time!



You wonder why the clothes wear out too soon. You blame the fabrics instead of the soap. With Sunlight Soap the clothes last twice as long and are always sweet, pure, white.

No Scrubbing!

No Rubbing!

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dean Howell's successor is Chancellor James Allan Smith, D.D., who is fifty-seven, two years older than the new Dean of Winchester. He is a strong Evangelical, and did admirable work while Vicar of Swansea, where he was in charge of over twenty thousand people.

Bishop Gore preached to an immense congregation at Westminster Abbey on the third Sunday evening in

comfort, and on recent Sundays has been observed looking anxiously at the crowd in the aisles for whom no seats could be found. He has also promised to follow Dean Bradley's example in taking parties of visitors over the building on convenient afternoons.

The Rev. E. A. Stuart, of Bayswater, was one of the most successful of the Lenten preachers at St. Paul's. His week began on March 16, and from the first day large congregations attended. Mr. Stuart's simple,

secured a minister. Mr. Campbell is going to America in the summer, at the invitation of Dr. Hillis, and hopes by October to be in full work on Sundays and Thursdays at the City Temple.

The congregation of Regent's Park Baptist Chapel have invited the Rev. W. E. Blomfield, of Coventry, to accept their pastorate. This was the Rev. F. B. Meyer's church before he went to Westminster, and it has lately been under the able ministry of the Rev. E. G. Gauge. Mr. Blomfield is the principal statistician of the Baptist



A MONUMENT OF GREEK PATRIOTISM: THE RESTORATION OF THE LION OF CHAERONEA.

The Lion was erected to commemorate the Theban Sacred Band who fell to a man before Philip at Chaeronea in 338 B.C. The fragments were unearthed in 1880. The head is intact, and the Archaeological Society of Athens has now commissioned M. Sokhos, the sculptor, to restore the figure.



A RAILWAY INNOVATION: A MEXICAN TOURIST-CAR FOR OBSERVATION OF THE SCENERY.

In order to allow tourists to enjoy an uninterrupted view of the scenery on the Mexican Railways, one of the companies has invented an open car with a simple arched roof. This recalls, in some measure, a form of coach used in the very early days of the English railways.

Lent. Many of those who arrived even half an hour before the time could scarcely get within hearing distance. The Bishop paid an affectionate tribute to his old friend, Dean Bradley, and referred to the calm, devotional spirit in which his closing years were passed. Dean Armitage Robinson also made an impressive allusion to his predecessor, who was, he said, like a mediæval Abbot in appearance, but whose heart to the end beat in sympathy with the young. Both tributes to Dr. Bradley had the note of personal and sincere affection.

Dean Armitage Robinson is already popular with Abbey congregations. He concerns himself for their

practical counsels are admirably suited for the City workers who attend these Cathedral services.

The Dean of Norwich has purchased a house at Bournemouth as a winter residence. For some years he has been accustomed to spend part of the winter in Bournemouth, where he is most popular as a preacher and platform speaker. The Dean has now returned to Norwich for the spring and summer.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell will enter on his ministry at the City Temple on the first Sunday of May. His connection with Brighton will not, however, be finally severed until the congregation of Union Chapel have

Church, and is actively promoting a sustentation fund scheme. He has a large church at Coventry, and is remarkably popular with working men.

Dr. Jenkins, of Southport, gave a striking address on the missionary outlook at a Wesleyan Ministers' meeting held in City Road Chapel last week. Dr. Jenkins pointed out that Christianity was the only faith which was not losing hold of its followers. The religions of vast millions in heathen countries were little more than remains of the past, bringing with them nothing that properly belonged to the life of the present, and leaving nothing that could help the advancement of the future.

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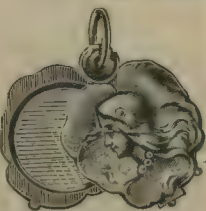


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Sterling Silver Travelling Case, complete, with Watch, 15s. 6d.; plain, same price; hammered, £1 1s. Size 3½ by 3½ in.



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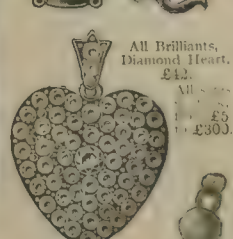
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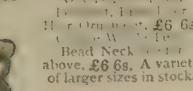
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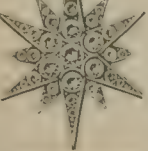
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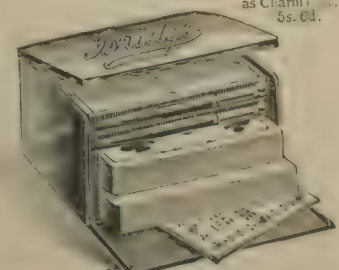
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ART NOTES.

The annual exhibition, principally of chosen pictures of the nineteenth-century French school of landscape, opened this week at Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket. As usual, it is a most interesting show.



A REGIMENTAL CENTREPIECE.

This fine silver centrepiece has been presented to the 3rd Battalion West Riding Regiment, by the officers who served in South Africa between March 1900 and May 1902, Lieutenant-Colonel A. K. Wylie, C. B., commanding. The ornament was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

There is a great Meissonier for the real delight of the majority; there are Corots of more than usual variety for the praise of many and the love of a few; and between those extremes the walls display admirable examples of that true master, Léon L'Hermitte, of Fantin-Latour, Harpignies, Jacque, Van Marcke, and others, living and deceased, of the great time. It is impossible to see too many examples of this sound and worthy art or to know them too well. Now that the desire for novelty is leading to so many experiments in picture-making—some legitimate and significant, and some foolish and inept—there is safety in the contemplation of these steady workmen and sincere idealists, who related their work so directly to the natural landscape, and yet had so definite a conviction of what a picture is. Whatever excursions may be undertaken to-day or to-morrow, these sincere pictures stand secure, as proofs of what a group of great men thought of nature and art together. The examples of Corot here are varied and very beautiful. "Conseil d'Amour" is a figure-group such as the master produced at times, and as a study of the nude it is not particularly valuable, the form being exaggerated and the modelling vague; but the colour of the picture is exquisitely harmonious and cool. "L'Etang de Mortefontaine" is a fine example of Corot in his less singular, remote, and peculiar mood. He is here somewhat classical in style, and although the air and the light are Corot's, the group of trees and water might be by another. In "A Country Lane" we have all the unique Corot restored; it is a wonder of sweetness and delicacy; so is "On the Shores of the Mediterranean." The examples of Léon L'Hermitte are of the first order; not so those of Diaz. The Meissonier is the huge "Friedland," with its throng of cuirassiers and other cavalry saluting the Emperor just before the charge; the drawing, needless to say, is superb, and the action energetic. That it is not a beautiful picture is true enough, and the sky is poor and ugly; but we should admire it for its qualities, and the disdain that modern criticism may profess for this work of science,

skill, and power is out of place. The collection is lent by Mr. Balli for the benefit of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

At the Dutch Gallery the pictures are also lent and also French. They are the work of Fantin-Latour and Harpignies. The first-named is represented almost exclusively by his flowers, and though doubtless



A "SHAMROCK III." BROOCH.

The piece of jewellery here figured was presented by Sir T. Lipton to the Countess of Shaftesbury, who christened his new yacht. Entwined in a scroll of diamonds are the flag of "Shamrock III." and the Commodore's flag of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. The "Shamrock's" flag is mounted with a border of emeralds, and the other is composed entirely of sapphires with the arms of the R.U.Y.C. enamelled. The centre is formed of a shamrock supported by the Roman numeral III., composed of diamonds. The brooch was supplied by Sir John Bennett, Limited, 65, Cheapside, London, E.C.

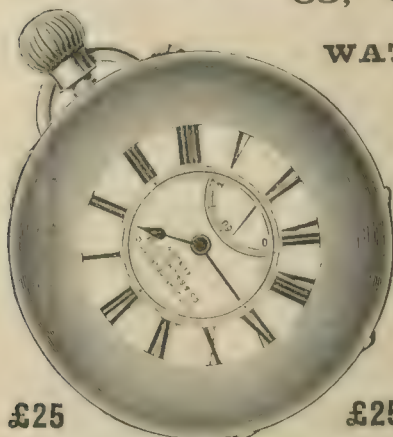
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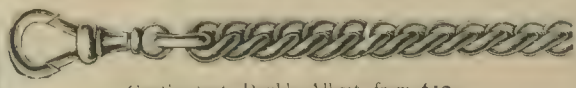
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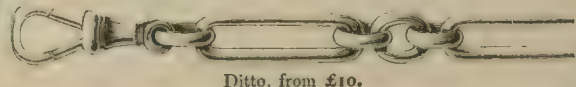


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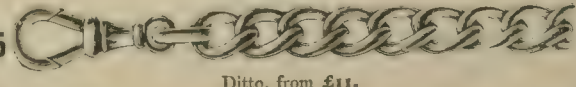
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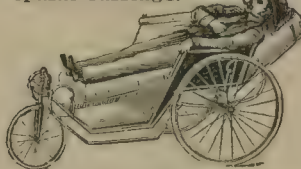


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so able a painter has a distinct theory of flower-painting, and his work is extraordinarily brilliant, it cannot be said that the result is very attractive. Harpignies has a false air of "hardness," but a second glance is enough to discover the delicacy which is really his characteristic. It is a delicacy no less exquisite for being very definite and distinct. There is no mystery of mist, but a wonderful subtlety of colour; witness that very lovely landscape, "Vue prise à Beaulieu."

Two ladies have furnished side-shows for this month—and their work is uncommonly good. Miss Linnie Watt exhibits—amid surroundings not the most appropriate—her landscapes and street scenes, "Dinan and Other Places," in a room of the Doré Gallery; and Miss Nelly Erichsen shows her pen-and-ink drawings of Italy at the Ryder Gallery, St. James's. Miss Watt has a touch that is in the best sense workmanlike. Her execution has a technical charm of accomplishment which makes for the delicate rendering of Nature. Her work is, in fact, natural and sincere, but none the less pictorial. She is at her best in the painting of

orchards full of blossom, with tender distances and man and boy at work, the action of her figures being good and energetic. Another room is devoted to portraits by Mrs. Earnshaw of a more ambitious and more ordinary character. Very popular, however—not at the Doré Gallery, but at the New—are certain "fashionable" portraits not unlike these, and very little more artistic.

Miss Nelly Erichsen's "Italian Drawings" at the Ryder Gallery are very intelligent and appreciative studies of the best things in Italy in sound pen-drawing. She chooses especially—as do all real lovers of Italy—scenes of which road and building form a part, and her sense of construction in architecture is thorough. Her method is chiefly that of outline, and this enables her to represent those blanks—strong white walls and dusty roads—which give the country so much of its character, its style. Miss Erichsen combines with the severer convention of a pen-outline a more realistic rendering of shadows, and the clear, limpid, light sun-shadows of the Italian climate, by cypresses or under eaves, are charmingly translated by her pen-line. She hardly

ever uses cross-hatching, and her simple parallel lines keep an appropriate effect of transparency. She has drawn thus the villas and gardens of Florence, the churches of Assisi and Verona, the antiquities of Rome, mediæval Prague, and the lovely Gothic of Venice.

Mrs. Adrian Hope has won popularity as a portrait-painter in pastel, and an elf-painter in water-colours. Her exhibition is at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall. The fairy-drawings show some invention, and would amuse a child with a good sense of fun: here and there the humour is pretty.

In these days of high pressure, when busy men grudge the time occupied in ascending to upper floors, even though commodious lifts dispense with the need of physical exertion, the many clients of Messrs. Walter Judd, Limited, the well-known advertising agents, will appreciate the removal of the firm to handsome and commodious premises on the ground-floor of 5, Queen Victoria Street, which, being only two or three doors from the Mansion House, is in the very heart of the City.

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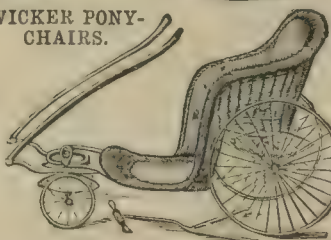
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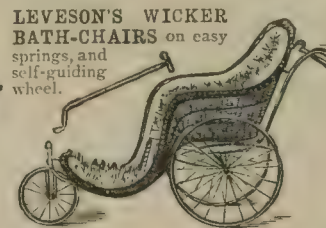
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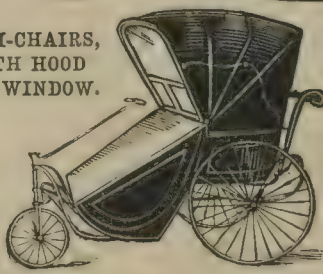
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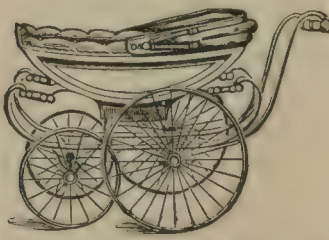
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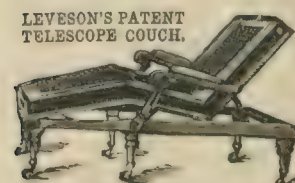
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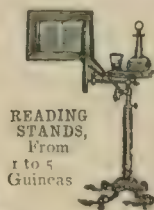
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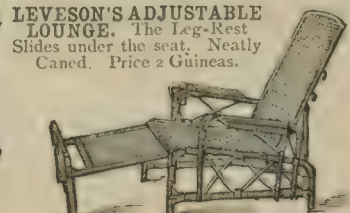
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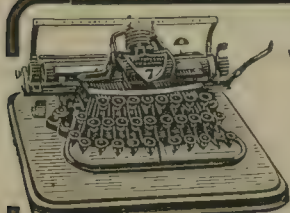
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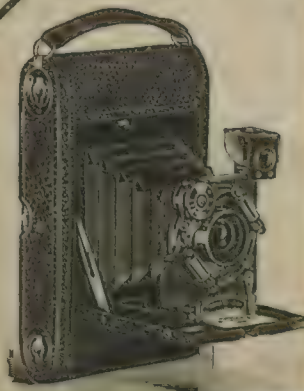
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1900) of Lieutenant-Colonel William Whetherly, of 31, Egerton Gardens, S.W., who died on Jan. 9, was proved on March 14 by Mrs. Mary Jane Whetherly, the widow, Warren Hastings Sands, and Wellington Taylor, the executors, the value of the estate being £245,067. The testator gives £200 to the Tower Hamlets Volunteer Engineers for a silver challenge shield for annual inter-company competition in military engineering; £500 and during her widowhood the use of his residence in Egerton Gardens, with the furniture and works of art therein, and an annuity of £4000, or should she again marry, an annuity of £1000, to his wife; £1000, and on his attaining twenty-five years of age and marrying, a further £3000, to his son William; £200 to the son and £100 each to the daughters of his brother;

and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his property is to be held on various trusts for his son.

The will (dated July 28, 1898), with a codicil (dated Feb. 28, 1902), of Mr. Charles Goodyear, of Redcroft, Dartmouth Road, Lewisham, and of Messrs. I. and R. Morley, 18, Wood Street, was proved on March 12 by Mrs. Sarah Grace Goodyear, the widow, Thomas Edward Goodyear, the son, Frederick William Biddle, and Alexander William Martin, the value of the estate being £127,132. The testator bequeaths to his wife £1000, the contents of his residence, except money and securities, and the income, for life, from £25,000, and then as she shall appoint to his children; £10,500 to his son Thomas Edward; £100 to, and £3000 in trust for, his sister Emma, for life, and then for his children Thomas Edward, Mary Grace, and Jessie

Elizabeth; £500 to, and £10,000 in trust for, each of his children Charles, Mary Grace, and Jessie Elizabeth; and £200 each to Frederick William Biddle and Alexander William Martin. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1901), with a codicil (dated July 13, 1901), of Mr. Michael Davis, of 79, Warrington Crescent, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on March 18 by David Davis and Samuel Jacob Davis, the sons, the value of the estate being £83,891. The testator gives £1000 each to his children David, Samuel Jacob, Rose Leah Barnett, Sarah Kate Kisch, Pauline Zeffert, and Frances Rose Abelson; £1000 each to his granddaughters Sadie, Caroline, Frances, Ethel, Rosa, Dora, and Doris; £500 each to his grandsons Ernest Louis and Vivian Herschell; £100 per annum to his sister

MERRYWEATHERS'

APPARATUS FOR COUNTRY HOUSE FIRE PROTECTION.



THE
MERRYWEATHER
"LONDON
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HAND
FIRE PUMP.

2540 out of the 4199 London Fires extinguished in one year by these pumps.

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The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
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Established over a quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.

A free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
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Delicious Mellow
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A Toilet Powder for the
Complexion,
Also for the Nursery,
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Hygienic, and pre-
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and
Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet
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Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,

Put up in glass jars, price 1s.
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Wheel, Two Brakes, &c. Also on Gradual
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POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

TRADE MARK.

Powell's
Balsam of
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Safe and Reliable.
Gives Immediate
Relief.

HOOPING COUGH.
CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
THE celebrated effectual cure without internal
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157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the
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Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.



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"In the latest portraits of Mr. Chamberlain, the Man of the Moment
is depicted seated at his writing-table, upon which repose two briar
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Secretary for the Colonies finds relief in smoking, and that one of his
favourite Mixtures is the 'Craven', better known to all readers of Mr.
Barrie's charming book, *My Lady Nicotine*, as the 'Arcadia' Mixture.
My own experience of the Mixture (which is prepared exclusively
by Mr. Carreras, of 7, Wardour Street) is of a distinctly pleasing
character, and to those who have not tried the 'Craven' I tender the
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J. J. CARRERAS, 7, Wardour St., W., or any Tobacconist.

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(JOY'S CIGARETTES)
IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE
ASTHMA
WHEEZING & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.
50 years success 2/6 Box 35.
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2,000 Heraldic and Genealogical Works
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M^{lle} ADELINA PATTI says:
"Have found it very good indeed."

For restoring and beautifying the complexion
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Roughness disappear as if by magic.

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20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages
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Full price paid allowed within three years if
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Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

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CERTIFICATE OVER THE CAPSULE OF
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UNIQUE
AS A
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4/-
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OBTAINABLE THROUGHOUT
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LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.

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FOR EASY SHAVING,
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TRADE MARK—

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors, bought the
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From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

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INVENTED BY
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GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

NO PACKING
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SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY
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Circumstances alter cases.
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real hair
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ASTHMA CURE

GRIMALT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs,
Catarrh, Sleeplessness, and Oppression immediately
relieved by these CIGARETTES. All Chemists, or Post Free,
1s. 9d. WILCOX & CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

"Berkefeld" Filters.

In use in all the leading London and Provincial Hospitals.

Should any difficulty be experienced in getting these Filters fixed we will send our own Plumbers to fix them at cost price.



This Illustration shows Filter (H) fitted to ordinary household service pipe over sink.

HOUSE FILTER (H), 30s.

Smaller size (F), 22s. 6d.

Dr. Andrew Wilson reports: "The Filters sold by the Berkefeld Filter Company, Limited, London, W., remove all germs from water. They are thoroughly reliable appliances; they realise the ideal of the sanitarian's definition of a true filter—one which will yield a germ-free supply of water."

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THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO. LD.
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Have you a Friend who is a poor Correspondent?

Present a

"SWAN"

FOUNTAIN PEN

to make the writing easier.



Prices,
10/6, 14/6,
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30/-, 42/-, to £20,
POST FREE.

A Lasting, Useful
Token of Friendship.

Guaranteed. Exchangeable.

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



A Close Shave!

There is great satisfaction in a close, smooth shave. Nothing but the cream-like healing lather of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP makes a close shave possible—without the irritation that often results from close shaving.

This soft, rich lather is a veritable healing balm, allaying all tendency to irritation, and leaving the face soothed and refreshed.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s.

Williams' Luxury Tablets, 1s.

Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 6d.

(Trial Size) of Williams' Shaving Stick, 4d. Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 65 Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W. C.; 161 Clarence St., SYDNEY.

Main Office and Factories, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

Finest Pipe Tobacco



Finest Pipe Tobacco

Mild

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Red

packets and tins.

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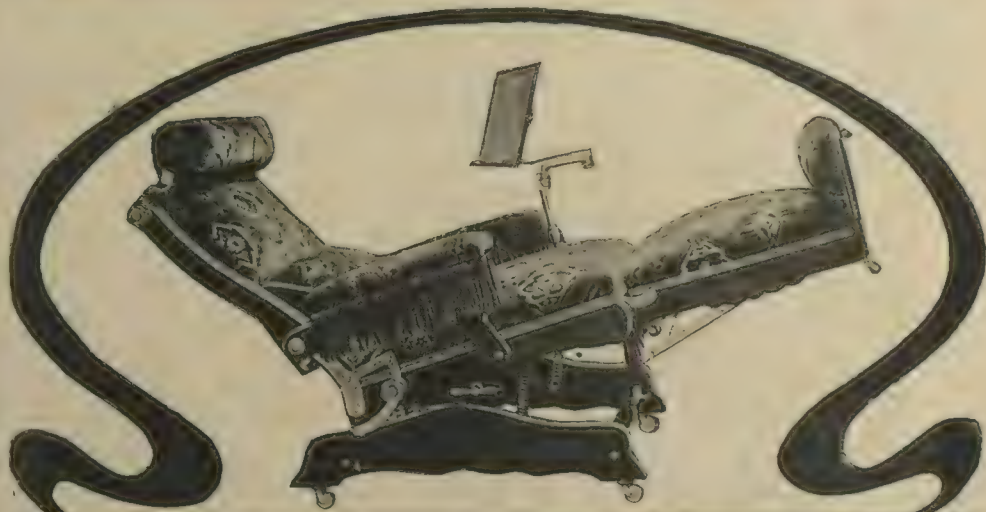
packets & tins.

Tawny

. In .

White

packets and tins.



A Nest for Rest

Foots' Patent ADJUSTABLE CHAIR

THE "MARLBOROUGH."

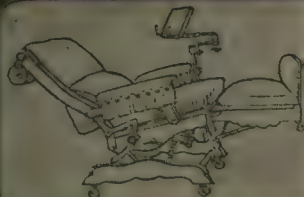
Reclines, Rocks, or Remains Rigid.

A combined Chair and Couch that conforms to every position of comfort and ease. Can be adjusted by the occupant to fit the body. The turn of a knob does it. Back, Seat and Leg Rest incline independently to any angle. New Patent Fit-the-Back adjustment. Leg Rest can be detached. Ideal Chair for reading, resting, smoking or study.

In Health a luxury; in Sickness a necessity.

Send for Booklet "Chair Comfort." Post free.

J. FOOT & SON, Dept. R.C. 7, 171 New Bond Street, London, W.



Dinah Josephs; and £50 to the Birmingham Synagogue. The residue of his property he leaves to his children except his son Michael Henry.

The will (dated July 10, 1889), with a codicil (dated April 22, 1898), of Mr. George Chance, of 28, Leinster Gardens, Paddington, late one of the Metropolitan Police-Court Magistrates, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 17 by Arthur Frederick Chance and Colonel Harry Chance, the sons, and Frank Loftus Wright, the executors, the value of the estate being £48,547. The testator bequeaths £500 and the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Mary Chance, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one ninth each to his children Arthur Frederick, Harry, Charles Richard, and Lilian Mary; one ninth, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Alice Mary Wright; and four ninths, in trust, for his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated July 12, 1900) of the Hon. Kenneth Howard, of 18, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on March 11 by the Earl of

Effingham, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the estate being £40,759. The testator leaves all his property to his nephew, Lord Effingham, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1898), with a codicil (dated Nov. 14, 1899), of Mrs. Maria Antonia Gebhardt, of 6, Gloucester Terrace, N.W., and The Rocks, Boars Head, Sussex, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 17 by Thomas Reavely, Thomas Meeres Henson, and Stanley Herbert Scott, the executors, the value of the estate being £38,282. The testatrix gives her jewels, furs, and personal articles to her daughter Mrs. Helen Truman; her house in Gloucester Terrace, etc., to her grandson Ivor Ulric Dudley Truman; other effects to her grandson Charles Montague Truman; and small legacies to executors and others.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1901) of Field-Marshal Sir John Lintorn Arabin Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., of Hawley House, Blackwater, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 14 by Mrs. Blanch Lintorn Orman, the daughter, and Frederic Wood, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,563. The testator gives

his lands and premises at Churchill, Somerset, to his daughter for life, and then to her child, if only one; but should she have other issue, then for such child as she shall appoint, but the property is not to be divided.

The Rudge-Whitworth Company have just had the honour of delivering to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales a new "Aëro-Special" Rudge-Whitworth bicycle, making the fourth Rudge-Whitworth machine purchased by his Royal Highness for his personal use during the last few years. For nearly two years the Rudge-Whitworth experimental department and the chemical and physical laboratories have been establishing data for a really light bicycle which should be as strong as, or stronger than, its predecessors, and be, above all, capable of production at a price at which the cycling public can buy it in large quantities. The "Aëro-Special" Rudge-Whitworth is the product of these efforts. Its weight—25 lb. only—is over 15 per cent less than last year's light roadsters, and the price is but £16 16s.



The Masai warrior carrying his grease pot slung from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case was a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT jar, and the lobe of the ear had been stretched to get round the pot.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Masai Warriors.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

On the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's recent visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a torchlight war-dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given in his honour. In this connection a striking incident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompanying photograph, taken on the spot by a correspondent of *The Sphere*. Indeed,

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

are used wherever the white man has set his foot.

THE PILLS

Are a wonderfully prompt and effectual, but gentle and benign, remedy for all disorders of the Liver and Bowels. They cleanse and thoroughly regulate the system. Females should never be without them.

THE OINTMENT

Is the greatest healing agent known for Old Sores and all Skin Affections. Rheumatism and Sciatica yield to its influence quite magically, as also most Throat and Chest troubles.

THE BOAT RACE.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S



"READY FOCUS" BINOCULAR.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER THE ORDINARY SYSTEM OF FOCUSING.

"We have tried this glass severely, and can testify to its great convenience in use, arising from what may be called its instantaneous action." *The Field*.

THE LADY'S RACE GLASS.

In Aluminium.

Covered with Pigskin or Calf, in Sling Case to match.

This is a very handsome little Glass, and is quite suitable for Theatre also.

Illustrated Price Lists Free by Post to all parts of the World.

Goerz, Zeiss, and other Prism Glasses kept in Stock.

38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C. Branches—45, Cornhill; 122, Regent Street.

MARVELLOUS VALUE.

£10-10-0

RALEIGH-GAZELLE.

RIGID. RAPID. RELIABLE.



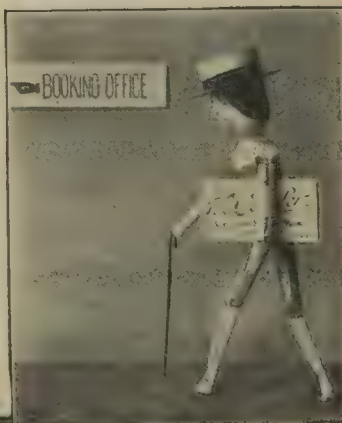
Two Raleigh-Bowden rim brakes, ball-bearing frictionless free wheel, plated rims, non-rusting spokes, etc., etc.

Easy payments arranged. The Book of the Raleigh, containing illustrated articles on Cycle Manufacture, the new Three-Speed Gear, Catalogue, &c. FREE from all Raleigh Agents; London Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct; Bristol Depot, 83, Queen's Road; or by post from Raleigh Cycle Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

Cailler's

GENUINE SWISS MILK

Charms the children—delights the adults—pleases the old folk. A food and sweetmeat for the good of all.



CHOCOLATE

Your own confectioner is selling Cailler's in 1d., 2d., and 3d. Tablets, etc.

Sole Agents: ELLIS & CO. 20 Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool, and 15 King St., Cheapside, E.C.

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Much That Every Woman Desires to Know

About Sanative Antiseptic Cleansing

And About Curing Ulcerative Pains and Weaknesses.

Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording pure, sweet and economical local and constitutional treatment for weakening discharges, ulcerations, inflammations, itchings, irritations, relaxations, displacements, pains and irregularities peculiar to females. Hence the Cuticura remedies have a wonderful influence in restoring health, strength and beauty to weary women, who have been prematurely aged and invalided by these distressing afflictions, as well as such sympathetic ailments as anæmia, chlorosis, hysteria, nervousness and debility.

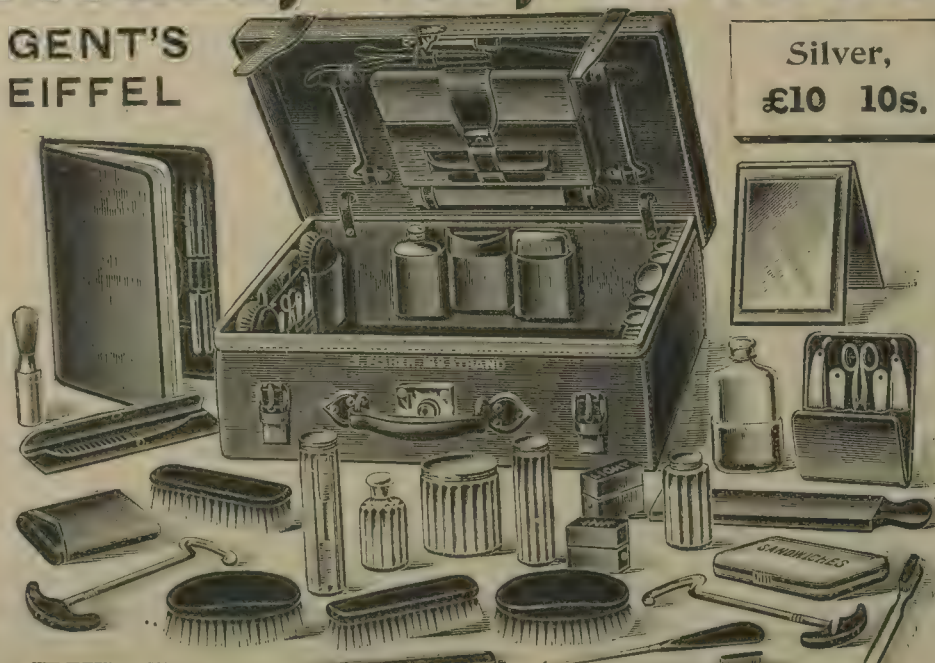
Women from the very first have fully appreciated the purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy which have made the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills the standard skin cures and humour remedies of the civilized world.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for annoying irritations, inflammations and ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

FISHER, 188, STRAND.

GENT'S EIFFEL

Silver, £10 10s.



THE ORIGINAL FIRM. Established 1838.

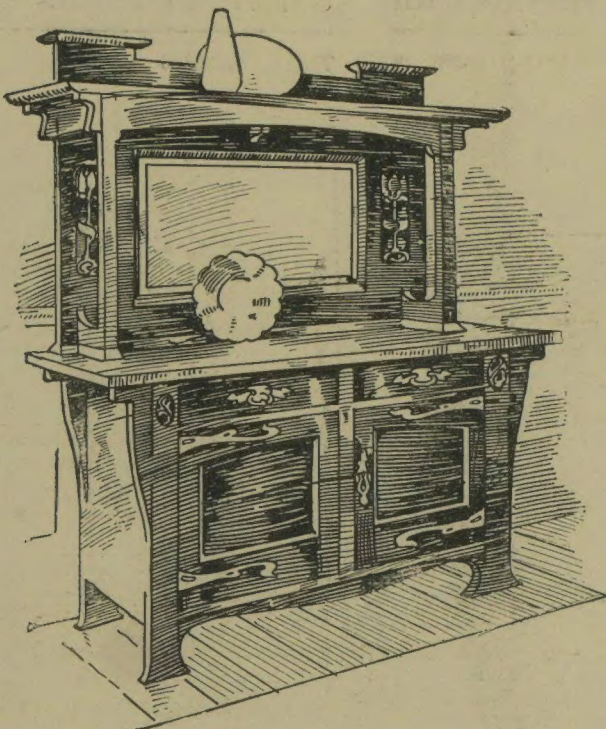
Gent's Case, leather, lined leather, 24 in., completely fitted, silver mounts, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

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The Furnishing Event
of 1903.

HEWETSONS' REBUILDING SALE

Write for
Bargains Booklet, Free.

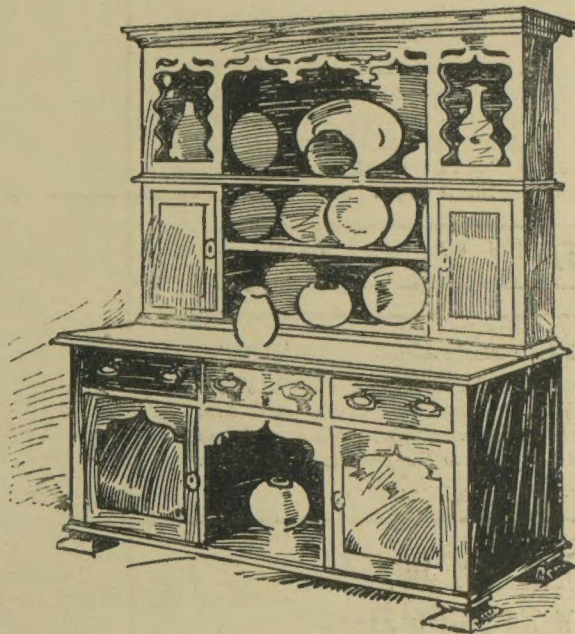


LAST TWO
Weeks : Final
REDUCTIONS.

IMMEDIATE
VISIT URGED.



BUYERS for the **SPRING**
are urged to pay especial heed to the
unrepeatable bargains the present clearance
offers. HEWETSONS also execute with
promptitude, efficiency, and economy
the essentials of Spring Renovation—



SOLID WELL-MADE FUMED
OAK SIDBOARD, 5ft. LONG.
SALE PRICE - - - - £9.

Removal, Cleaning, and Refixing Carpets and other Fabrics ;
Re-making Bedding; Re-stuffing and Re-covering Upholstery ;
Re-painting and Re-decoration (Exterior and Interior) of the Home ;
As well as the Removal and Warehousing of Goods ;

And they submit Estimates and Designs Free of Cost for these and every other
detail of Furnishing.

SOLID WELL-MADE FUMED OAK
DRESSER - SIDBOARD, 5ft. 6in.
LONG. SALE PRICE, £13 10s.

212-204, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

There are other polishes. You have had
some; and—but there, we will not revive
unpleasant memories.

Globe Polish does not scratch or set up
acid. It does not leave any stickiness behind
—only an unequalled lustre.

Globe Polish is the easy-work, the quick-
work, the safe-work, the economical-work,
and the good-work polish.

Sold everywhere,
Raimes & Co., Ltd., Tredegar
Road, Bow, London, E., and
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"The bottle brandies bearing the name
of well-known Cognac houses...exhibit a
composition consistent with that of a
genuine brandy....Brandy is...superior
to all other spirits."—*Vide "The Lancet,"*
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HENNESSY'S THREE STAR.

INSIST UPON HAVING IT.

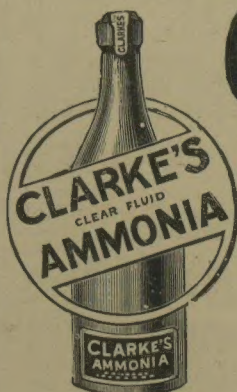
Messrs. J^{as}. Hennessy & Co., the largest
shippers of GENUINE BRANDY in the world,
place their well-known label and trade-mark
on all bottles containing brandy bottled by
themselves, and guarantee its genuineness.

For your Bath; for your Clothes; for your
Curtains; for your Carpets; for a great many
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Half the
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Use it in your bath.
Use it everywhere there is anything
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IT WILL DO THE WORK.

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4/-
Per Bottle.

45/-
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8000 PHYSICIANS have sent unsolicited testimonials as to the
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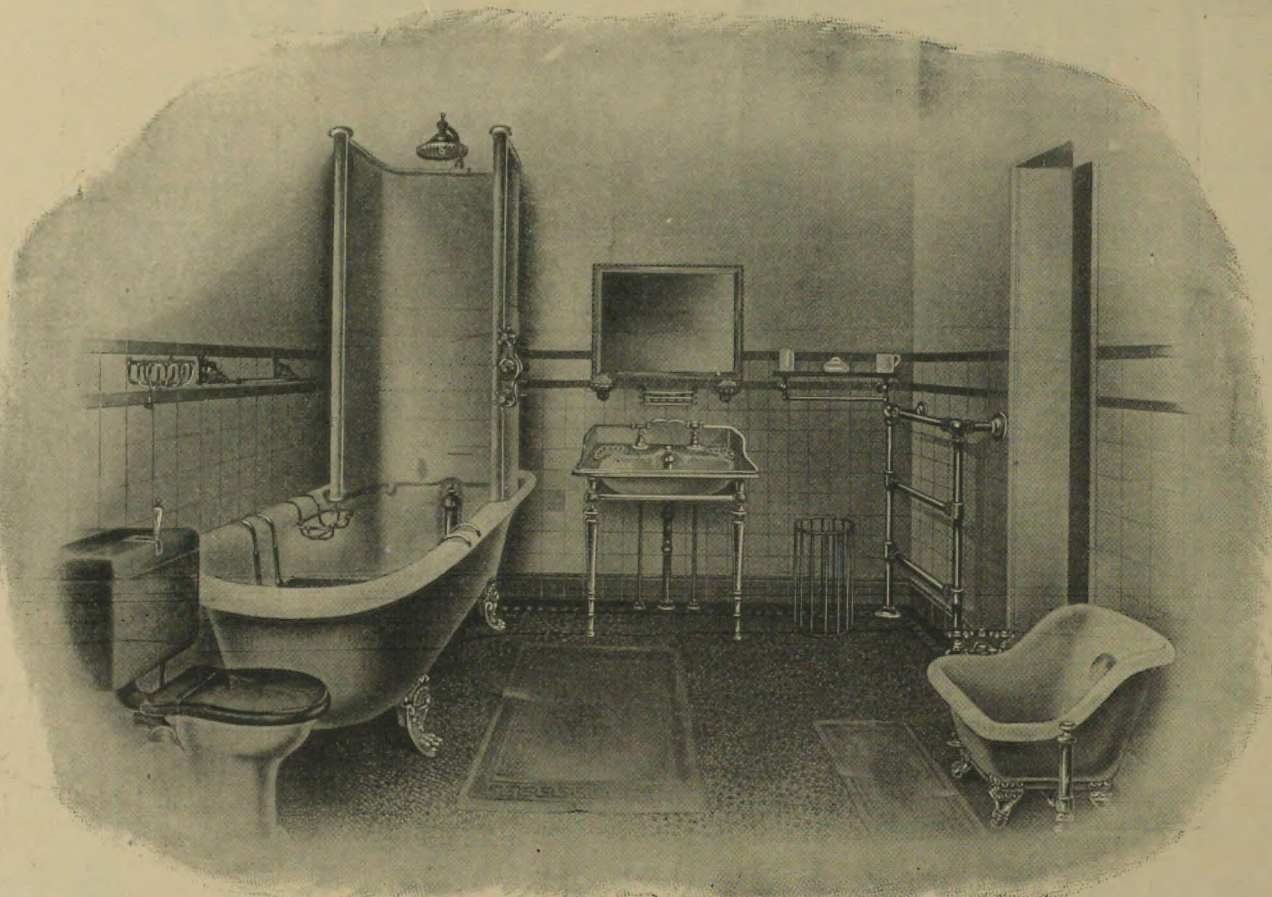
MAPLE & CO'S Expert Representatives meet Customers either in Town or Country, to confer and advise as to redecoration, re-construction of sanitary arrangements, the installation of electric light or heating appliances, and submit suggestions and estimates. Spacious New Show-Rooms have been added for Electric Fittings and Appliances of the most approved types.

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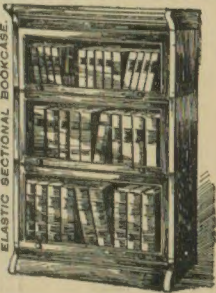
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Example of a Model Bath-Room, with Tiled Walls and fitted with Porcelain Enamelled Plunge Bath, "Perfecto" Lavatory, Sitz Bath, Combination Closet, Towel Rail, Mirror, &c., taken from Maple & Co.'s new book, "Healthy Homes."

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The Secret of a

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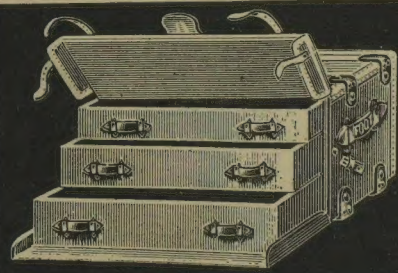
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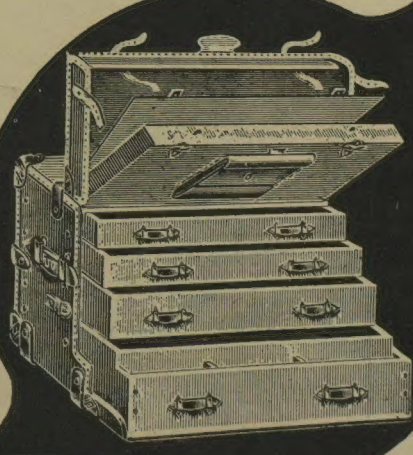
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20/- Complete.
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The above Design, any size Pearl, 20/-; or Extra Quality, 30/-, 50/- and 80/- each.

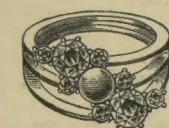
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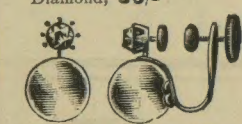
Gold, 25/-



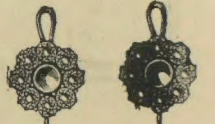
3-Row Bangle Ring, Pearl, Ruby, and Diamond, 35/-



Diamond and Pearl Ring, 35/-



Earrings for Unpierced Ears, Pearl with Diamond Tops, 12/- and 21/- pair.



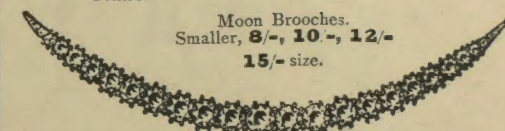
Pearl and Diamond Earrings, 25/-



Diamond Tie Brooch, 8/6 With Pearl or Diamond Centre.



Brooch, 16/6



Moon Brooches. Smaller, 8/-, 10/-, 12/- 15/- size.

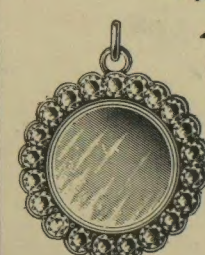
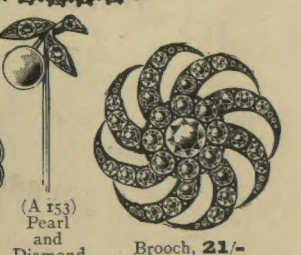
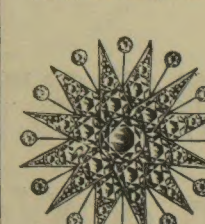


Photo. Pendant, 21/- In Pearls same price.

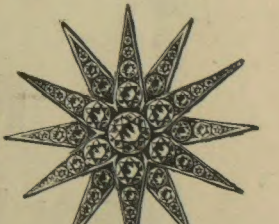


(A 153) Pearl and Diamond Leaf Pin, 7/6

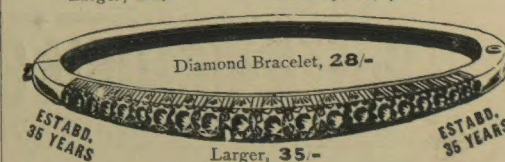
Brooch, 21/- Smaller, 18/-



Diamond Star, 35/- Smaller, 30/- Larger, 42/-



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Diamond Bracelet, 28/-

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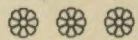
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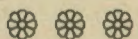
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